

C U T T E R

O F

Coleman-street.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at Their Majesties
THEATRE-ROYAL.

The SCENE LONDON,
In the Year 1658.

Written by

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

L O N D O N,

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P R E F A C E.

A Comedy, called *the Guardian*, and made by me when I was very Young, was Acted formerly at Cambridge, and several times after privately during the troubles, as I am told, with good approbation, as it has been lately too at Dublin. There being many things in it which I disliked, and finding my self for some days idle, and alone in the Country, I fell upon the changing of it almost wholly, as now it is, and as it was play'd since at his Royal Highness's Theatre under this New name. It met at the first representation with no favourable reception, and I think there was something of Faction against it, by the early appearance of some mens disapprobation before they had seen enough of it to build their dislike upon their Judgment. Afterwards it got some ground, and found Friends as well as Adversaries. In which condition I should willingly let it die, if the main imputations under which it suffered, had been shot only against my Wit or Art in these matters, and not directed against the tenderest parts of human reputation, good Nature, good Manners, and Piety it self. The first clamour which some malitious persons raised, and made a great noise with, was, That it was a piece intended for abuse and Satyr against the King's Party. Good God! Against the Kings Party? After having served it twenty years during all the time of their Misfortunes and Afflictions, I must be a very rash and imprudent Person if I chose out that of their Restitution to begin a Quarrel with them. I must be too much a Madman to be trusted with such an Edg'd Tool as Comedy. But first, why should either the whole Party (as it was once distinguish'd by that name, which I hope is abolish'd now by Universal Loyalty) or any Man of Virtue or Honour in it, believe themselves injured or at all concerned, by the representation of the faults and follies of a few whs in the general division of the Nation had crowded in among them? In all mixt numbers (which is the case of Parties) nay, in the most entire and continued Bodies there are often some degenerate and corrupted parts, which may be cast away from that, and even cut off from this Unity, without any infection of scandal to the remaining Body. The Church of Rome with all her arrogance, and her wide pretences of certainty in all Truths, and exemption from all Errors, does not clasp on this enchanted Armour of Infallibility upon all her particular Subjects, nor is offended at the reproof even of her greatest Doctors. We are not, I hope, become such Puritans our selves as to assume the Name of the Congregation of the Spotless. It is hard for any Party to be so ill as that no Good, Impossible to be so Good as that no ill should be found among them. And it has been the perpetual privilege of Satyr and Comedy, to pluck their Vices and Follies, though not their Persons, out of the Sanctuary of any Title. A Cowardly ranting Souldier, an Ignorant Charlatanical Doctor, a foolish Cheating Lawyer, a silly Pedantic Scholar, have always been, and still are the Principal Subjects of all Comedies, without any scandal given to those Honourable Professions, or ever taken by their severest Professors. And, if any good Physician or Divine should be offend'd with me here for inveighing against a Quack, or for finding Deacon Soaker too often in the Butteries, my respect and reverence to their Callings would make me troubled at their displeasure, but I could not abstain from taking them for very Choleric and Quarrelsome Persons. What does this therefore amount to, if it were true which is objected? But it is far from being so; for the representation of two Sharks about the Town (fellows merry and ingenuous enough, and therefore admitted into better Companies than they deserve, yet withall two very Scoundrels, which is no unfrequent Character at London) the representation I say of these as Pretended Officers of the Royal Army, was made for no other purpose but to show the World, that the Vices and Extravagances imputed vulgarly to the Cavaliers, were really committed by Aliens who only usurped that name, and endeavoured to cover the reproach of their Indigency or Infamy of their Actions with so honourable a Title. So that the bus'nes was not here to correct or cut off any natural branches, though never so corrupted or luxuriant, but to separate and cast away that vermine which by sticking so close to them had done great and considerable prejudice both to the Beauty and Fertility of the Tree; And this is as plainly said and as often inculcated, as if one should write round about a Sign, This is a Dog, This is a Dog, out of over-much caution lest some might happen to mistake it for a Lyon. Therefore when this Calumny could not hold (for the case is clear, and will take no colour,) some others sought out a subtler hint to traduce me upon the same score, and were angry that the Person whom I made a true Gentleman, and one both of considerable Quality and Sufferings in the Royal Party, should not have a fair and noble Character throughout, but should submit in his great extremities to wrong his Niece for his own Relief. This is a refined exception, such as I little foresaw, nor should with the dullness of my usual Charity, have found out against another Man in twenty years. The truth is, I did not intend the Character of a Hero, one of exemplary Virtue, and, as Homer often terms such Men, Unblameable, but an ordinary jovial Gentleman.

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tleman, commonly called a Good Fellow, one not so conscientious as to starve rather than do the least Injury, and yet endowed with so much sense of Honour as to refuse when that necessity was removed, the gain of five thousand pounds which he might have taken from his Niece by the rigour of a Forfeiture; And let the frankness of this latter generosity so expiate for the former frailty, as may make us not ashamed of his Company, for if his true Metal be but equal to his Allay, it will not indeed render him one of the finest sorts of men, but it will make him Current, for ought I know, in any Party that ever yet was in the World. If you be to choose parts for a Comedy out of any noble or elevated rank of Persons, the most proper for that work are the worst of that kind. Comedy is humble of her Nature, and has always been bred low, so that she knows not how to behave herself with the great or the accomplished. She does not pretend to the brisk and bold Qualities of Wine, but to the Stomachal Acidity of Vinegar, and therefore is best placed among that sort of people which the Romans call *The Lees of Romulus*. If I had designed here the celebration of the Virtues of our Friends, I would have made the Scene nobler where I intended to erect their Statues. They should have stood in Odes, and Tragedies, and Epick Poems, (neither have I totally omitted those greater Testimonies of my Esteem of them) Sed nunc non erat his Locus, &c. And so much for this little spiny Objection which a Man cannot see without a Magnifying-glass. The next is enough to knock a man down, and accuses me of no less than Prophaneness. Prophane, to deride the Hypocrisie of those men whose Skulls are not yet bare upon the Gates since the publick and just punishment of it? But there is some imitation of Scripture-Phrases; God forbid; There is no Representation of the true Face of Scripture, but only of that Wizard which these Hypocrites (that is, by Interpretation, Actors with a Wizard) draw upon it. Is it profane to speak of Harrison's return to Life again, when some of his Friends really profess their belief of it, and he himself had been said to promise it? A Man may be so imprudently scrupulous as to find Prophaneness in any thing, either said or written by applying it under some similitude or other to some Expressions in Scripture. This nicety is both vain and endless. But I call God to witness, That, rather than one Tittle should remain among all my Writings, which, according to my severest Judgment, should be found guilty of the Crime objected, I would my self burn and extinguish them all together. Nothing is so detestably lewd and wretched as the derision of things sacred, and would be in me more unpardonable than any Man else, who have endeavoured to root out the ordinary weeds of Poetry, and to plant it almost wholly with Divinity. I am so far from allowing any loose or irreverent Expressions, in Matters of that Religion which I believe, That I am very tender in this Point, even for the grossest Errors of Conscientious Persons; They are the properest object (methinks) both of our Pity and Charity too; They are the innocent and white Sectaries, in comparison of another kind who engrave Pride upon Ignorance, Tyranny upon Liberty, and upon all their Heresies, Treason and Rebellion. These are Principles so destructive to the Peace and Society of Mankind, that they deserve to be pursued by our serious Hatred, and the putting a Mask of Sanctity upon such Devils is so Ridiculous, That it ought to be exposed to Contempt and Laughter. They are indeed Prophane, who counterfeit the softness of the voice of Holiness, to disguise the roughness of the bands of Impiety, and not they, who with reverence to the thing which the others dissemble, deride nothing but their Disimulation. If some piece of an admirable Artist should be ill Copied, even to Ridiculosity, by an ignorant hand, and another Painter should undertake to draw that Copy, and make it yet more ridiculous, to shew apparently the difference of the two Works, and deformity of the latter, will not every Man see plainly, That the abuse is intended to the foolish Imitation, and not to the excellent Original? I might say much more to confute and confound this very false and malicious accusation, but this is enough, I hope, to clear the Matter, and is, I am afraid, too much for a Preface to a Work of so little Consideration. As for all other Objections, which have been, or may be made against the Invention or Elocution, or any thing else which comes under the Critical Jurisdiction, let it stand or fall as it can answer for it self, for I do not lay the great stress of my Reputation upon a Structure of this Nature, much less upon the slight Reparations only of an Old and unfashionable Building. There is no Writer but may fail sometimes in point of Wit, and it is no less frequent for the Auditors to fail in point of Judgment. I perceive plainly, by daily Experience, That Fortune is Mistress of the Theatre, as Tully says it is of all Popular Assemblies. No Man can tell sometimes from whence the Invisible Winds arise that move them. There are a multitude of People, who are truly and only Spectators at a Play, without any use of their Understanding, and these carry it sometimes by the strength of their Number. There are others who use their Understandings too much; who think it a sign of Weakness or Stupidity, to let any thing pass by them unattacqu'd, and that the Honour of their Judgment (as some Brutals imagine of their Courage) consists in Quarrelling with every thing. We are therefore wonderful wise Men, and have a fine business of it, we who spend our time in Poetry, I do sometimes laugh, and am often angry with my self, when I think on it, and if I had a Son inclined by Nature to the same Folly, I believe I should bind

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bind him from it by the strictest Conjurations of a paternal Blessing. For what can be more ridiculous, than to labour to give men delight, whilst they labour, on their part more earnestly, to take offence? To expose ones self voluntarily and frankly to all the dangers of that narrow Passage to unprofitable Fame, which is defended by rude multitudes of the Ignorant, and by armed Troops of the Malicious? If we do ill, many discover it, and all despise us; if we do well, but few Men find it out, and fewer entertain it kindly. If we commit Errors, there is no Pardon; if we could do Wonders, there would be but little Thanks, and that too extorted from unwilling Givers. But some perhaps may say, Was it not always thus? Do you expect a particular Privilege, that was never yet enjoyed by any Poet? Were the ancient Græcian, or noble Roman Authors, was Virgil himself exempt from this Possibility, Qui multis melior quam tu fuit, Improbe, rebus, Who was, in many things, thy Better far, Thou impudent Pretender? As was said by Lucretius to a Person, who took it ill that he was to Dye, though he had seen so many do it before him, who better deserved Immortality; and this is to repine at the natural Condition of a Living Poet, as he did at that of a Living Mortal. I do not only acknowledge the Pre eminence of Virgil (whose Footsteps I adore) but submit to many of his Roman Brethren, and I confess, That even they, in their own times, were not secure from the assaults of Detraction (though Horace brags at last, Jam dente minus mordeor invido) but then the Barkings of a few were drown'd in the Applause of all the rest of the World, and the Poison of their Bitings extinguish'd by the Antidote of great Rewards, and great Encouragements, which is a way of curing now out of use, and I really profess, That I neither expect, nor think I deserve it. Indolency would serve my turn instead of Pleasure; But the Case is not so well; for though I comfort my self with some assurance of the Favour and Affection of very many candid and good natured (and yet too judicious and even Critical) Persons, yet this I do affirm, That from all which I have written I never received the least Benefit, or the least Advantage, but, on the contrary, have felt sometimes the Effects of Malice and Misfortune.

P R O L O G U E.

AS when the Midland Sea is no where c'ear
From dreadful Fleets of Tunis and Argier,
Which coast about, to all they meet with Foes,
And upon which nought can be got but Blows,
The Merchant-Ships so much their Passage doubt,
That, though full-freighted, none dares venture out,
And Trade decays, and Scarcity ensues;
Just so the timo'rous Wits of late refuse,
Though laded, to put forth upon the Stage,
Affrighted by the Criticks of this Age.
It is a Party nume'rous, watchful, bold;
They can from nought, which fails in sight, with-hold.
Nor do their cheap, though mortal, Thunder spare;
They shoot, alas, with Wind-guns, charg'd with Air.
But yet, Gentlemen Criticks of Argier,
For your own Inte'rest I'd advise ye here
To les this little forlorn Hope go by,
Safe and untouched. That must not be (you'll cry) }
If ye be wise, it must; I'll tell ye why.
There are Seven, Eight, Nine, ---stay----there are behind
Ten Plays at least, which wait but for a Wind,
And the glad News that we the Enemy miss,
And those are all your own if you spare This.
Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite New,
Some by known Shipwrights built, and others too
By that great Authour made, who-e'er he be,
That stiles himself Person of Quality.
All these, if we miscarry here to day,
Will rather till they rot in th' Harbour stay;

Nay, they will back again, though they were come,
Ev'n to their last safe Road, the Tyring-room.
Therefore again I say, If you be wise,
Let this for once pass free; let it suffice
That we your Sovereign Power here to avow,
Thus humbly e'er we pass, strike fail to You.

Added at Court.

Stay, Gentlemen; what I have said, was all
But forc'd Submission, which I now recall.
Ye're all but Pirats now again; for here
Does the true Sovereign of the Seas appear.
The Sovereign of these narrow Seas of Wit;
'Tis his own *Thames*; He knows and governs it.
'Tis his Dominion, and Domain; as He
Pleases, 'tis either Shut to us or Free.
Not only if his Pass-port we obtain,
We fear no little Rovers of the Main:
But if our *Neptune* his calm Visage show,
No Wave shall dare to Rise, or Wind to Blow.

THE PERSONS.

C olonel <i>Jolly</i> ,	A Gentleman whose Estate was confiscated in the late Troubles.
Mrs. <i>Aurelia</i> ,	His Daughter.
Mrs. <i>Lucia</i> ,	His Niece, left to his Tuition.
<i>Cutter</i> ,	A merry, sharking Fellow about the Town, pretending to have been a Colonel in the King's Army.
<i>Worm</i> ,	His Companion, and such another Fellow, pretending to have been a Captain.
Mr. <i>Puny</i> ,	A young, rich, brisk Fop, pretending to extraordinary Wit, Suitor to Mrs. <i>Lucia</i> .
Mr. <i>Truman Senior</i> ,	An old, testy, covetous Gentleman.
Mr. <i>Truman Junior</i> ,	His Son, in love with Mrs. <i>Lucia</i> .
Mrs. <i>Barebottle</i> ,	A Sope-boyler's Widow, who had bought <i>Jolly</i> 's Estate, a pretended Saint.
Mrs. <i>Tabitha</i> ,	Her Daughter.
Mrs. <i>Jane</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Lucia</i> 's Maid, a little laughing Fop.
Mr. <i>Soaker</i> ,	A little fulding Deacon.
Several Servants.	

C U T T E R

O F

Coleman-street.

A C T I . S C E N E I .

Enter Truman Junior.

Truman Jun. **H**OW hard, alas, is
that young Lover's
Fate,
Who has a Father
covetous and choleric!
What has he made me swear? ---
I dare not think upon the Oath, lest I should
keep it ---
Never to see my Mistress more, or hear her
speak
Without his leave; And farewell then the
use of Eyes and Ears; ----
And all this Wickedness I submitted to,
For fear of being dis-inherited;
For fear of losing Dirt and Dross, I lose
My Mistress---There's a Lover! Fitter much
For Hell than thousand Perjuries could make
him,
Fit to be made th'Example which all Wo-
men
Should reproach Men with, when themselves
grow false;
Yet she, the good and charitable *Lucia*,
With such a Bounty as hath only been
Practis'd by Heav'n, and Kings inspir'd from
thence,
Forgives still, and still loves her perjur'd
Rebel.
I'll to my Father straight, and swear to him
Ten thousand Oaths, ne'er to observe that
wicked one
Which he has extorted from me----Here he
comes;
And my weak Heart, already us'd to falsehood,
Begins to waver.

S C E N E II .

Enter Truman Senior, and Truman Jun.

Trum. Sen. Well, *Dick*, you know what
you swore to me yesterday, and solemnly.
I ha' been considering, and considering all
Night, *Dick*, for your good, and methinks,
supposing I were a young Man again, and the
case my own (for I love to be just in all
things) methinks 'tis hard for a young Man,
I say, who has been a Lover, so long as you
ha' been, to break off on a sudden. Am I
in the right or no, *Dick*? Do you mark
me?

Trum. Jun. Hard, Sir; 'tis harder much
than any Death prolong'd by Tortures.

Trum. Sen. Why so I thought; and there-
fore out o' my care for your case, I have hit
upon an Expedient, that I think will salve
the matter!

Trum. Jun. And I will thank you for it
more, Sir,

Than for the Life you gave me.

Trum. sen. Why! well said, *Dick*, and
I am glad with all my Heart, I thought up-
on't; in brief, 'tis this, *Dick*;
I ha' found out another Mistress for you.

Trum jun. Another? Heaven forbid, Sir!

Trum. sen. I; Another, Good-man Jack
Sawce; marry come up; Wo'nt one of my
chusing serve your turn, as well as one of
your own; sure I am the older Man,
Jack Sawce, and should be the wiser!

Trum. jun. But Nature, Sir, that's wiser
than all Mankind,
Is Mistress in the choice of our Affections,
Affections are not rais'd from outward Rea-
sons, but inward Sympathies.

Trum.

Trum. sen. Very well, *Dick*, If you be a dutiful Son to me, you shall have a good Estate, and so has she; There's Sympathy for you now; but I perceive

You're hank'ring still after Mrs. *Lucy*,

Do, do! forswear your self; do, damn your self, and be a Beggar too; sure, I would never undo my self by Perjury; if I had a mind to go to Hell, *Cromwel* should make me a Lord for't! I, and one of his Council too; I'd never be damn'd for nothing, for a Whim-wham in a Coif. But to be short, The Person I design for you is Mrs. *Tribib Barebottle*, our Neighbour, the Widow's Daughter. What do you start at, Sirrah? I, Sirrah, Jack-an-apes, if you start when your Father speaks to you.

Trum. jun. You did not think her Father once, I'm sure, a Person fit for your Alliance, when he plunder'd your House in *Hartfordshire*, and took away the very Hop-poles, pretending they were Arms too.

Trum. sen. He was a very Rogue, that's the Truth on't, as to the business between man and man, but as to God-ward he was always counted an Upright Man, and very devout. But that's all one, I'm sure he's rais'd a fine Estate out of Nothing, by his Industry in these Times: An' I had not been a Beast too—but Heaven's Will be done, I cou'd not ha' don't with a good Conscience. Well, *Dick*, I'll go talk with her Mother about this Matter, and examine fully what her Estate is, for unless it prove a good one, I'll tell you true, *Dick*, I'm o' your Opinion, not to marry such a Rogue's Daughter.

Trum. jun. I beseech you, Sir—*Ex. Tr. sen.*

It is in vain to speak to him—

Though I to save this Dung-hill an Estate Have done a Crime like theirs, Who have abjur'd their King for the same Cause;

I will not yet, like them, pursue the Guilt, And in thy place, *Lucia*, my lawful Sovereign, Set up a low and scandalous Usurper!

Enter Servant.

Serv. 'Tis well the old Man's just gone. There's a Gentlewoman without, Sir, desires to speak one word with you.

Trum. jun. With me? Who is't?

Serv. It should be Mrs. *Lucia* by her voice, Sir, but she's veil'd all over.

Will you please to see her, Sir?

Trum. jun. Will I see her? Blockhead? Yes, Go out and kneel to her, And pray her to come in. *[Ex. Serv.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lucia veild.

Trum. jun. This is a favour, Madam! That I as little hop'd, as I am able To thank you for it—But why all this muffling?

Why a Disguise, Dearest, between us? Unless to encrease my desire first, and then my joy to fee thee, Thou cast this subtil Night before thy Beauty.

And now like one scorch'd with some raging Feaver, Upon whose flames no dew of sleep has faln, I do begin to quarrel with the Darkness, And blame the slothful rising of the Morn; And with more Joy shall welcome it, than they

Whose icy Dwellings the cold Bear o'erlooks, When after half the Year's Winter and Night, Day and the Spring at once salutes their sight!

Thus it appears, thus like thy matchless Beauty, *[Offers to pull off the Veil.*

VVhen this black Cloud is vanish'd.

VVhy d'ye shrink back, my Dearest?

I prithee let me look a little on thee:

'Tis all the Pleasure Love has yet allow'd me, And more than Nature does in all things else. At least speak to me; well may I call it Night,

VVhen Silence too thus joins it self with Darknes.

Ha! I had quite forgot the cursed Oath I made---

Pish! what's an Oath forc'd from a Lover's Tongue?

'Tis not recorded in Heaven's dreadful Book, But scatter'd loosely by the breath that made it:

Away with it; to make it was but a Rashness,

To keep it were a Sin—Dear Madam—

Ha! let's see this then first!

[Offers again, but she refuses, and gives him a Note.

He Reads.] You know I have forgiv'n your unkind Oath to your Father, and shall never suffer you to be perjur'd. I come only to let you know, That the Physician and the Pothecary will do this Morning what we propos'd; be ready at hand, if there shou'd be occasion for your presence: I dare not stay one minute. Farewel.

Now

Now thousand Angels wait upon thee,
Lucia.
 And thousand blessings upon all thou dost.
 Let me but kiss your hand, And I'll dismiss
 you.
 Ah cruel Father, when thou mad'st the
 Oath,
 Thou little thought'st that thou had'st
 left
 Such blessings for me out of it. *Exeunt*

S C E N E . IV.

Enter Col. Jolly in an Indian Gown and Night-Cap, with Will. his Man.

Joll. Give me the Pills ; what said the Doctor, *Will* ?

Will. He said a great deal, Sir, but I was not Doctor enough to understand half of it.

Joll. A Man may drink, he says, for all these Baubles ?

Will. He's ill advised if he give your Worship drinking Pills, for when you were drinking last together, a Fit took you to beat the Doctor, which your Worship told him was a new Disease.

Joll. He was drunk then himself first, and spoke False Latin, which becomes a Doctor worse than a beating. But he does not remember that, I hope, now ?

Will. I think he does, Sir, for he says the Pills

Are to purge Black Choler !

Joll. I, Melancholy ; I shall ha' need of them then, for my old Purger of Melancholy, Canary, will grow too dear for me shortly ; my own Estate was sold for being with the King at Oxford. A Curse upon an old Dunc that needs must be going to Oxford at my years ! My good Neighbour, I thank him, Colonel Fear-the-Lord Barebotte, a Saint and a Sope-boyler, bought it ; But he's dead, and boiling now himself, that's the best o' t' ; There's a Cavalier's comfort ! If his damnable Wife now would marry me, it would return again, as I hope all things will at last ; and even that too were as hard a Composition for ones own, as ever was made at *Hubberdasher-Hall* ; but hang her, she'l ha' none o' me, unless I were True Rich and Counterfeit Godly ; let her

go to her Husband ; (so much *Takes a Pill.* for that.) — It does not go down so glib as an Egg in Muskadine) Now when my Nieces Portion too

goes out o' my hands, which I can keep but till a handsome Wench of eighteen pleases to Marry (a pitiful slender Tenure that's the truth on't) I ha' nothing to do but to live

by Plots for the King, or at least to be hang'd by 'em. (So, go thou too) well, something must be done, unless a Man could get true Gems by drinking, or like a Mouse in a Cheese, make himself a house by eating.

Will. Did you send for Colonel Cutter and Captain Worm, to come and keep me company this Morning that I take Physick ? They'l be loth to come to day, there's so little hope o' drinking here.

Will. They said they would be here, Sir, before this time ; Some Morning's draught, I believe, has intercepted 'em.

Joll. I could Repent now heartily, but that 'twould look as if I were compell'd to t', and besides if it should draw me to Amend'ment, 'twould undo me now, till I ha' gotten something. 'Tis a hard case to wrong my pretty Niece ; but unless I get this wicked Widow, I and my Daughter must starve else ; and that's harder yet ; Necessity is, as I take it, Fatality, and that will excuse all things, O ! Here they are !

S C E N E . V.

Enter Col. Jolly, Col. Cutter, Capt. Worm.

Joll. Welcome ! Men o' war, what news abroad in Town ?

Cut. Brave news i'faith, it arriv'd but yesterday by an Irish Priest, that came over in the habit of a Fish-wife, a cunning fellow, and a Man o' busines, he's to lie Lieger here for a whole Irish College beyond-Sea, and do all their Affairs of State. The Captain spoke with him last Night at the Blue-Anchor !

Joll. Well, and what is it ?

Worm. Why, Business is a float again ; the King has muster'd five and twenty thousand Men in Flanders, as tall Fellows as any are in Chirstendom.

Joll. A pox upon you for a couple of gross Cheats !

I wonder from what Fools in what blind corners you get a dinner for this stuff.

Cut. Nay, there's another News that's stranger yet, but for that let the Captain answer.

Wor. I confess I should ha' thought it very ridiculous, but that I saw it from a good hand beyond Sea, under Black and White, and all in Cypher.

Joll. Oh it can't miss then ; what may it be, 'pray ?

Wor. Why, that the Emperor of Muscovy has promis'd To land ten thousand Bears in England to

Over-run the Country.

Joll. Oh ! that's in revenge of the late barbarous Murder of their Brethren here I warrant you !

Cut. Why, Colonel, things will come about again ! We shall have another bout for't !

Joll. Why all this to a friend that knows you ; where were thy former Bouts, I prethee, CUTTER ? Where didst thou ever serve the King, or when ?

Cut. Why every where ; and the last time at Worcester.

If I never serv'd him since, the fault's not mine ; an there had been any Action——

Joll. At Worcester, CUTTER ? Prethee how got'st thou thither ?

Cut. Why as you and all other Gentlemen should ha' done ; I carry'd him in a Troop of Reformado Officers ; most of them had been under my Command before !

Joll. I'le be sworne they were Reformado Tapsters then ; but prethee how got'st thou off ?

Cut. Why as the King himself, and all the rest of the great ones ; in a disguise, if you' needs know't.

Wor. He's very cautious, Colonel, h'as kept it ever since.

Joll. That's too long 's faith, CUTTER, prethee take one disguise now more at last, and put thy self into the habit of a Gentleman.

Cut. I'le answer no more Prethees ; Is this the Mornings-draught you sent for me to ?

Joll. No, I ha' better news for ye both, than ever ye had from a good Irish hand ; the truth is I have a Plot for ye, which if it take, ye shall no more make monstrous Tales from Bruges to revive your sinking Credits in Loyal Ale-houses, nor inveigle into Taverns young Foremen of the Shop, or little beardless Blades of the Inns of Court, to drink to the Royal Family Parabolically, and with bouncing Oaths like Cannon at every Health ; nor upon unlucky failing Afternoons take melancholy turns in the Temple Walks, and when you meet acquaintance, cry, You wonder why your Lawyer stays so long with a pox to him.

Wor. This Physick has stirr'd ill humours in the Colonel, would they were once well purg'd, and we a Drinking again lovingly together as we were wont to do.

Joll. Nor make headless Quarrels about the Reckoning time, and leave the House in confusion ; nor when you go to bed produce ten several Snuffs to make up one poor Pipe o' Tobacco !

Cut. Would I had one here now ; I ha'n't had my Morning Smoak yet, by this Day !

Joll. Nor change your Names and Lodgings as often as a Whore : for as yet if ye

liv'd like Tartars in a Carr (as I fear ye must die in one) your home could not be more uncertain. To day at Wapping, and to morrow you appear again upon Mill-bank (like a Duck that Dives at this end of the Pond, and rises unexpectedly at the other) I do not think Pythagoras his Soul e're chang'd so many Dwellings as you ha' done within these two years.

Cut. Why, what then, Colonel ? Soldiers must remove their Tents sometimes, Alexander the Great did it a thousand times.

Worm. Nine hundred, CUTTER, you're but a Dunce in Story ; But what's all this to th' matter, Noble Colonel ?

You run a Wool-gathering like a zealous Teacher ; Where's the use of Consolation that you promis'd us ?

Joll. Why thou shalt have it, little Worm, for these

Damn'd Pills begin to make me horrible sick, and are not like to allow of long Digressions ; Thus briefly then, as befits a Man in my case !

When my Brother the Merchant went into Africk, to follow his great Trade there----

Wor. How o' Devil could he follow it ? why he had quite lost his memory ; I knew him when he was fain to carry his own Name in Writing about him, for fear lest he should forget it.

Joll. Oh his Man John, you know, did all, yet still he would go about with old John, and thought if he did Go, he did his business himself ; well, when he went he left his Daughter with a Portion o' five thousand pounds to my Tuition, and if she married without my consent, she was to have but a thousand of it. When he was gone two years he dy'd----

Wor. He did a little forget himself methinks, when he left the Estate in your hands, Colonel.

Joll. Hold your tongue, Captain Coxcomb ; now the case is this ; ye shall give me a thousand pounds for my interest and favour in this business, settle the rest upon her, and her children, or me and mine, if she ha' none (d'ee mark me ? For I will not have one penny of the Principal pass through such glewy Fingers) upon these terms I'll marry her to one of you ; Always provided though, that he whom she shall choose (for she shall have as fair a choice as can be between two such fellows) shall give me good assurances of living afterwards like a Gentleman, as befits her Husband, and cast off the t'others Company !

Cut.

C U T T E R of Coleman-street.

5

Cut. The Conditions may be admitted of, though if I have her, she'll ha' no ill bargain on't when the King comes home; but how, Colonel, if she should prove a foolish fantastical VVench, and refuse to Marry either of us?

Joll. VVhy! then she shall never ha' my consent to Marry any body; and she'll be hang'd, I think, first in the Friar's Rope, e're she turn Nun.

Wor. I'll be a Carthusian an she do!

Joll. If't were not for Chasteity and Obedience thou mightest be so; their t'other Vow of never carrying any money about them, thou hast kept from thy youth upwards.

Wor. I'll have her; I'm the better Scholar; and we're both equal Soldiers, I'm sure.

Cut. Thou, Captain Bobadil? what with that Ember-week face o' thine? that Rasor o' thy Nose? thou look'st as if thou hadst never been fed since thou suck'st thy Mothers milk. Thy Cheeks begin to fall into thy Mouth, that thou mightest eat them. VVhy thou very Lath, with a thing cut like a Face at top, and a Slit at bottom. I am a man ha' serv'd my King and Country, a person of Honour, Dogbolt, and a Colonel.

Wor. Yes, as Priests are made now a days, a Colonel made by thine own self. I must confess thus much o' thy good parts, thou'rt beholding to no body but thy self for what thou art. Thou a Soldier? Did not I see thee once in a quarrel at Nine-pins behind Sodom-Lane disarm'd with one o' the pins? Alas, good *Cutter!* There's difference, as I take it, betwixt the clattering o' Swords and Quart-pots, the effusion of Blood and Claret-wine——

Cut. (What a Barking little Cur's this?)

Wor. The smoak of Guns and Tobacco — nor can you, *Cutter*, fight the better, because you ha' beat an old Bawd or a Drawer; besides, what parts hast thou? Hast thou Scholarship enough to make a Brewer's Clerk? Canst thou read the Bible? I'm sure thou hast not; canst thou write more than thine own Name, and that in such vile Characters, that most Men take 'em for Arabian Pot-hooks! Dost thou not live, *Cutter*, in the Chimeraian darkness of Ignorance?

Joll. Cymmerian, Captain, let it be Cymmerian!

Wor. I; I know some will have it so; but by this light I always call't Chymærian!

Cut. O brave Scholar! has the Colonel caught you in false Latin, you Dunce you? You'd e'en as good stick to your Captainship; and that you may thank me for, you ingrateful Pimp you, was not I the first that

ever call'd you so? and said you had serv'd stoutly in my Regiment at Newberry?

Joll. Thy Regiment? — Well! Leave your quarrelling, Baboons, and try your fortunes fairly; I begin to be very sick, I'll leave you, and send in my Niece to entertain you, upon my life, if you quarrel any more. As great Soldiers as you are, I'll ha' you Cashier'd for ever out o' this Garrison o' mine, look to't.

Exit Coll. Joll.

Wor. Come, *Cutter*, wee'd e'en better play fair play with one another, than lose all to a third. Let's draw Cuts who shall accost her first when she comes in, and the t'other void the room for a little while.

Cut. Agreed! you may thank the Colonel for coming off so easily; you know well enough I dare not offend him at such a time as this!

Wor. The longest first — [Draw Lots.]

Cut. Mine! Od's my life! Here she is already!

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lucia, Cutter, Worm.

Luc. Not choose amiss? Indeed I must do, Uncle, *To her self at her Entrance.* If I should choose again; especially, If I should do't out of your drinking Company; Though I have seen these fellows here, I think, A hundred times, yet I so much despise 'em, I never askt their Names: But I must speak to 'em now. My Uncle, Gentlemen, will wait upon you presently again, and sent me hither to desire your patience!

Cut. Patience, Madam, will be no Virtue requisite for us, whilst you are pleas'd to stay here; Ha, ha! *Cutter!* that lit pretty pat' faith for a beginning. [*Worm goes out.*]

Luc. Is your friend going, Sir?

Cut. Friend, Madam? — (I hope I shall be even with him presently) he's a merry Fellow that your Uncle and I divert ourselves withal.

Luc. What is he? Pray, Sir.

Cut. That's something difficult to tell you, Madam;

But he has been all things. He was a Scholar once, and since a Merchant, but broke the first half year; after that he serv'd a Justice o' Peace, and from thence turn'd a kind o' Sollicitor at Goldsmiths-hall; he's a pretty Smattering too in Poetry, and would ha' been my Lady Protectress's Poet; He writ once a Copy in praise of her Beauty, but her Highness gave him for it but an old Half-crown piece in Gold, which she had hoorded

CUTTER of Coleman-street.

up before these troubles, and that discourag'd him from any further Applications to the Court. Since that, h'as been a little Agitator for the Cavalier party, and drew in one of the 'Prentices that were hang'd lately; He's a good ingenious fellow, that's the truth on't, and a pleasant Droll when h'as got a cup o' Wine in his pate, which your Uncle and I supply him with; but for matters that concern the King, neither of us trust him. Not that I can say h'as betray'd any body, but he's so indigent a Varlet, that I'm afraid he would sell his Soul to Oliver for a Noble. But Madam, what a pox should we talk any more o' that Mole-catcher? Now I'm out again — I am so us'd only to ranting Whores, that an honest Gentlewoman puts me to a Non-plus!

Luc. Why, my Uncle recommended him to me, Sir, as a Person of Quality, and of the same Condition with your self, only that you had been a Colonel o' Foot, and he a Captain of Horse in his Majesty's Service.

Cut. You know your Uncle's Drolling humour, Madam; he thought there was no danger in the Raillerie, and that you'd quickly find out what he was;
Enter Worm. Here he comes again, I'll leave him with you, Madam, for a Minute, and wait upon you immediately, (I am at a loss, and must recover my self) Captain, I ha' dealt better by you than you deserv'd, and given you a high Character to her; see you do me right too, if there be occasion — I'll make bold though to hearken whether you do or no. [Exit Cutter,

and stands at the door.

Wor. Madam, my Noble Friend your Uncle has been pleas'd to honour me so far with his good Opinion, as to allow me the liberty to kiss your hands.

Luc. You're welcome, Sir, but pray, Sir, give me leave
 Before you enter into farther Complement,
 To ask one question of you.

Wor. I shall resolve you, Madam, with that truth
 Which may, I hope, invite you to believe
 me

In what I'm to say afterwards.

Luc. 'Tis to tell me your friends Name, Sir, and his Quality, which, though I've seen him oft, I am yet ignorant of: I suppose him to be some honourable person, who has eminently serv'd the King in the late Wars.

Cut. 'Tis a shrewd discerning Wench, she has hit me right already. [at the door.

Wor. They call him Colonel CUTTER, but to deal faithfully with you, Madam, he's no more a Colonel than you're a Major-General.

Cut. Ha! Sure I mistake the Rogue!

Wor. He never serv'd his King, not he,

no more than he does his Maker; 'Tis true, h'as drunk his Health as often as any Man, upon other Mens charges, and he was for a little while, I think, a kind of Hector, 'till he was soundly beaten one day, and dragg'd about the room, like old *Hector o' Troy* about the Town.

Cut. What does this Dog mean, trow?

Wor. Once indeed he was very low for almost a twelve-month, and had neither money enough to hire a Barber, nor buy Scissars, and then he wore a Beard (he said) for King Charles; he's now in pretty good cloaths, but would you saw the furniture of his Chamber! Marry half a Chair, an Earthen Chamberpot without an Ear, and the bottom of an Ink-horn for a Candle-stick, the rest is broken foul Tobacco-pipes, and a dozen o' Gally-pots with Salve in 'em.

Cut. Was there ever such a cursed Villain!

Wor. H'as been a known Cheat about the Town these twenty years.

Luc. What does my Uncle mean to keep him company, if he be such a one?

Wor. Why he's infatuated, I think! I ha' warn'd him on't a thousand times; he has some wit (to give the Devil his due) and that 'tis makes us endure him, but however I'd advise your Uncle to be a little more cautious how he talks before him o' State matters, for he's shrewdly wrong'd if he be n't Cromwel's Agent for all the Taverns between Kings-street and the Devil at Temple-Bar, indeed he's a kind o' Resident in 'em.

Cut. Flesh and blood can bear no longer. — Worm, you're a stinking, lying, perjur'd, damn'd Villain; and if I do not bring you, Madam, his Nose and both his Ears, and lay 'em at your feet here before night, may the Pillory and the Pox take mine; till then, suspend your judgment. [Exit CUTTER.

Luc. Nay, you're both even; just such an excellent Character did he bestow on you; Why, thou vile Wretch, Go to the Stews, the Gaol, and there make love,

Thou'llt find none there but such as will scorn thee!

Wor. Why here's brave work i'faith! I ha' carry'd it swimmingly, I'll e'en go steal away and drink a dozen before I venture to think one thought o' the busness. [Exit.

Luc. Go cursed race, which stick your loathsome crimes Upon the Honourable Cause and Party; And to the Noble Loyal Sufferers, A worser suffering add of Hate and Infamy. Go to the Robbers and the Parricides, And fix your Spots upon their Painted Vizards,

Not

Not on the Native face of Innocence,
 'Tis you retard that Industry by which
 Our Country would recover from this sickness ;
 Which, whilst it fears th' eruption of such
 Ulcers,
 Keeps a Disease tormenting it within,
 But if kind Heav'n please to restore our
 Health,
 When once the great Physician shall return,
 He quickly will, I hope, restore our Beauty.

Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Aurelia.

I See 'tis no small part of policy
 To keep some little Spies in an Enemies
 quarters :
 The Parliament had reason —
 I would not for 500 pounds but ha' corrupted
 my Cousin *Lucia's* Maid ; and yet it costs
 me nothing but Sack-possets, and Wine, and
 Sugar when her Mistress is a bed, and taw-
 dry Ribbons, or fine Trimm'd Gloves
 sometimes, and once I think a pair of Counter-
 feit Rubie Pendants
 That cost me half a Crown. The poor
 Wench loves
 Dy'd Glass like any Indian, for a Diamond
 Bob I'd have her Maiden-head if I were a
 Man and she a Maid. If her Mistress did but
 talk in her sleep sometimes, o' my conscience
 she'd sit up all Night and watch her,
 only to tell me in the morning what she said;
 'Tis the prettiest diligent Wretch in her
 Calling, now she has undertaken't.
 Her intelligence just now was very good,
 and
 May be o' consequence ; That young *Tru-
 man* is
 Stoln up the back way into my Cousin's
 Chamber.
 These are your grave Maids that study Ro-
 mances, and will be all *Mandana's* and *Caf-
 sandra's*, and never spit but by the Rules of
 Honour ; Oh, here she comes, I hope, with
 fresh intelligence from the Foes Rendevouz.

SCENE II.

Enter Aurelia, Jane.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha ! for the love of good-
 ness hold me, or I shall fall down with
 laughing, ha, ha, ha ! 'Tis the best hu-
 mour — no --- I can't tell it you for laugh-

ing — ha, ha, ha ! the prettiest sport, ha,
 ha, ha !

Aur. Why, thou hast not seen him lie
 with her, hast thou ?

The Wench is mad ; prethee what is't ?

Jane. Why (hee, hei, ha !) My Mistress
 sits by her Servant in a long Veil that covers
 her from Top to Toe, and says not one word
 to him, because of the Oath you know that
 the old Man forc'd his Son to take after your
 Father had forbid him the house, and he talks
 half an hour, like an Ass as he is, all alone,
 and looks upon her hand all the while, and
 kisses it. But that which makes me die with
 laughing at the conceit (ha, ha, ha !) is, that
 when he asks her any thing, she goes to the
 Table, and writes her answer, you never
 saw such an innocent Puppet-play !

Aur. Dear *Jane* (kill me, *Jane*) how
 shall I do to see 'em ?

Jan. Why, Madam, I'll go look the key
 of my Mistress Closet above, that looks in-
 to her Chamber, where you may see all, and
 not be seen.

Aur. Why that's as good as the trick o'
 the Veil ; do, dear *Jane*, quickly, 'twill
 make us excellent sport at Night, and we'll
 fuddle our Noses together, shall we dear
Jane ?

Jane. I, dear Madam ! I'll go seek out
 the key.

Exit Jane.

Aur. 'Tis strange, if this trick o' my
 Cousins should beget no trick o' mine, That
 would be pitiful dull doings.

SCENE III.

Enter Aurelia, Mr. Puny.

Aur. Here comes another of her Ser-
 vants ; a young, rich, fantastical Fop, that
 would be a Wit, and has got a new way of
 being so ; he scorns to speak any thing that's
 common, and finds out some impertinent
 similitude for every thing, The Devil I think
 can't find out one for him. This Coxcomb
 has so little Brains too, as to make me the
 Confidant of his Amours. I'll thank him for
 his Confidence ere I ha' done with him.

Pun. Who's here ? O Madam ! is your
 Father out of his Metaphorical Grave yet ?
 You understand my meaning, my dear Con-
 fidant ? You're a Wit !

Aur. Like what, Mr. *Puny* ?

Pun. Why — like — me !

Aur. That's right your way, Mr. *Puny*,
 its an odd similitude.

Pun. But where's your Father, little Queen
 o' Diamonds ? Is he extant ? I long like a
 Woman big with Twins to speak with
 him !

Aur.

Aur. You can't now possibly. There was never any Creature so sick with a Disease as he is with Physick, to day, the Doctor and the Apothecary's with him, and will let no body come in. But, Mr. *Puny*, I have words o' comfort for you!

Pun. What, my dear Queen o' Sheba! and I have Ophir for thee if thou hast.

Aur. Why your Rival is forbid our house, and has sworn to his Father never to see or hear your Mistress more.

Pun. I knew that yesterday as well as I knew my *Credo*, but I'm the very Jew of Malta, if she did not use me since that, worse than I'd use a rotten Apple.

Aur. Why that can't be, Brother wit, why that was uncivilly done of her!

Pun. O hang her, Queen of Fairies, (I'm all for Queens to day I think) she cares much for that; No, that Assyrian Crocodile *Trauman* is still swimming in her praecordiums, but I'll so ferret him out, I'll beat him as a *Bloomsbury Whore* beats Hemp; I'll spoil his grave Dominical Postures; I'll make him sneak, and look like a door off the hinges.

Aur. That's hard! but he deserves it truly, if he strive to Annihilate.

Pun. Why well said, Sister Wit, now thou speak'st odly too!

Aur. Well, without wit or foolery, Mr. *Puny*, what will you give me, if this night, this very improbable night, I make you Marry my Cousin *Lucia*?

Pun. Thou talk'st like *Medusa*'s Head, thou astonishest me.

Aur. Well, in plain language as befits a Bargain; there's Pen and Ink in the next Chamber, give but a Bill under your hand to pay me five hundred pounds in Gold (upon forfeiture of a thousand if you fail) within an hour after the business is done, and I'll be bound Body for Body my Cousin *Lucia* shall be your Wife this night; if I deceive you, your Bond will do you no hurt, if, I do not, consider a little before-hand, whether the Work deserves the Reward, and do as you think fit.

Pun. There shall be no more considering than in a Hasty Pudding; I'll write it an' you will, in Short-hand, to dispatch immediately, and presently go put five hundred Marigolds in a purse for you. Come away like an Arrow out of a *Scythian Bow*.

Aur. I'll do your business for you, I'll warrant you; *Allons Mon-Cher.*

Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cutter, Worm.

Cut. Now I ha' thee at the place, where thou affronted'st me, here will I cut thy Throat.

Wor. You'll be hang'd first.

Cut. No by this light.

Wor. You'll be hang'd after them.

Cut. Not so neither; for I'll hew thee in-to so many morsels, that the Crowner shall not be able to give his Verdict whether 'twas the Body of a Man or of a Beast, as thou art. Thou shalt be mince-meat, *Worm*, within this hour.

Wor. He was a Coward once, nor have I ever heard one syllable since of his Reformation, he shall not daunt me.

Cut. Come on; I'll send thee presently to Erebus [Draw.

Without either Bail or Main-prize.

Wor. Have at you, *Cutter*, an' thou hadst as many lives as are in *Plutarch*, I'd make an end of 'em all.

Cut. Come on, Miscreant.

Wor. Do do! strike an' thou dar'st.

Cut. Coward, I'll give thee the advantage of the first push, Coward.

Wor. I scorn to take any thing o' thee, Jew.

Cut. If thou dar'st not strike first, thou submit'tst, and I give thee thy life.

Wor. Remember, *Cutter*, you were treacherous first to me, and therefore must begin. Come, pox upon't, this quarrel will cost us quarts o' Wine a piece before the Treaty o' Peace be ended.

Cut. Here's Company coming in; I'll hear o' no Treaties, *Worm*, we'll fight it out.

S C E N E V.

Enter Aurelia, Puny, Cutter and Worm.

Aur. Five hundred neat Gentlemen-like twenty shilling pieces, though never wash'd nor barb'd— A curse upon him, can't he write a Bond without these Sotteries?

Pun. Why how now Panims? fighting like two Sea-fish in the Map? Why how now my little Gallimaufry, my *Oleopodrido* of Arts and Arms; Hold the fierce Gudgings!

Aur. 'Ods my life, *Puny*, let's go in again; that's the only way to part 'em.

Pun. Do, do! kill one another, and be hang'd like Ropes of Onyons.

Cut. At your command? No, *Puny*! I'll be forc'd by no Man; put up, *Worm*; we'll fight

fight for no Man's pleasure, but our own.

Wor. Agreed! I won't make sport with murdering any Man, an' he were a Turk.

Pun. Why now ye speak like the Pacificick Sea; we'll to the King's Pole anon, and drink all into *Pylades* again; we'll drink up a whole Vessel there to Redintegration, and that so big, that the Tun of *Heydelberg* shall seem but a Barrel of Pickled Oysters to t; mean time, thou pretty little Smith o' my good fortune, beat hard upon the Anvil of your Plot, I'll go and provide the Spankers.

Exit Puny

Cut. Your Cousin, Mrs. *Aurelia*, has abus'd us most irreverently.

Aur. Why what's the matter?

Cut. Your Father recommended us two as Saters to her.

Aur. And she'd ha' none of you? What a foolish Girl 'tis, to stand in her own light so?

Wor. Nay, that's not all, but she us'd us worse than if we'd been the veriest Rogues upon the face of the whole Earth.

Aur. That's a little thought too much, but 'twas safer erring o' that hand.

Cut. I, we're like to get much, I see, by complaining to you.

Enter Jane.

Jan. Ha, ha, ha! Here's the key o' the Closet, go up softly, Madam, ha, ha, ha! and make no noise, dear Madam, I must be gone.

Exit.

Aur. Why does this little Foppotee laugh always? 'tis such a Ninny that she betrays her Mistress, and thinks she does no hurt at all, no, not she; well, wretched Lovers, come along with me now, (but softly upon your lives, as you would steal to a Mistress through her Mothers Chamber) and I'll show you this severe *Penelope*, lockt up alone in a Chamber with your Rival.

Cut. As softly as Snow falls.

Wor. Or Vapours rise.

Aur. What are you Punish too with your Similitudes? Mum—not a word—pull off your shooes at bottom of the stairs, and follow me.

SCENE VI.

Enter Truman Junior.
And presently *Aurelia*, *Cutter*, and *Worm* appear at a little Window.

Trum. Why should her cruel Uncle seek to oppose
A Love in all respects so good and equal?
He has some wicked end in't, and deserves
To be deceiv'd!

Cut. Deceiv'd? pray mark that, Madam.
Trum. She is gone in to see if things be ripe yet
To make our last attempt upon her Uncle;
If our Plot fail—

Aur. A Plot i'faith, and I shall Counterplot ye.

Trum. In spight of our worst Enemies,
our kindred,
And a rash Oath that's cancell'd in the making,
We will pursue our Loves to the last point,
And buy that Paradise, though 't be with Martyrdom!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucia.

She goes to the Table and Writes whilst he Speaks, and gives him the Paper.

Trum. She's come, methinks I see her through her Veil;
She's naked in my heart with all her Beauties.

Wor. Thou hast a Bawdy heart, I'll warrant thee.

Cut. Hold your peace, Coxcomb.

Trum. That has, I think, taken an Oath Quite contrary to mine, never to see Any thing else!

He's extream sick, and thinks he shall die, the Doctor and Potbucary have acted very well; I'll be with him presently, go into my little Oratory, and pray for the success—. I'll pray with as much zeal as any sinner, converted just upon the point of death, prays his short time out. *[Exeunt Truman and Lucia.*

Aur. What can this [They cry within] mean? and the cry within there? Pray let's go down and see what's the matter.

Enter Will and Ralph crying.
Will. Ah, Lord! My poor Master! Mrs. *Aurelia*, Mrs. *Aurelia*!

Aur. Here, what's the business?
Ralph. O Lord! The saddest Accident.

Aur. For the love of Heaven speak quickly.

Will. I cannot speak for weeping; my poor Master's poison'd,

Aur. Poison'd? How prethee, and by whom?

Will. Why by the strangest Accident, Misstress. The Doctor prescrib'd one what dee' call it with

with a hard Name, and that careless Rogue the 'Pothecaries Man (mistaking one Glass for another that stood by it) put in another what de'e call it, that is a mortal poison.

Aur. Oh then 'tis plain, this was the Plot they talk'd of; ye heard, Gentlemen, what they said; pray follow me and bear witness.

Exit Aurelia.

Cut. Undoubtedly they had a hand in't; we shall be brought to swear against them, *Worm.*

Worm. I'll swear what I heard, and what I heard not, but I'll hang 'em. I see I shall be revenged o' that proud Tit; but it grieves me for the Colonel.

S C E N E VIII.

Colonel Jolly (*brought in a Chair*) *Aurelia, Cutter, Worm, Will, Ralph, other Servants.*

Joll. Oh! I ha' vomited out all my Guts, and all my Entrails——

Aur. Oh my dear Father!

Joll. I'm going, Daughter——ha' ye sent the pocky Doctor and the plaguy 'Pothecary to a Justice o' Peace to beexamind?

Will. Yes, Sir, your Worship's Steward and the Constable are gone with 'em; does your Worship think they did it out o' malice, and not by a mistake? If I had thought they did, I'd a hang'd 'em presently, that you might ha' seen it done before you dy'd.

Joll. Huh, huh, huh! I think that Rogue the Doctor did it, because I beat him t'other day in our drinking! Huh, huh, huh!

Aur. No, Sir, (O my dear Father) no, Sir, you little think who were the Contrivers of your murder, e'en my Cousin *Luce* and her Gallant——Oh Lord——'tis discover'd by a miraculous providence——they're both together in her Chamber now, and there we overheard 'em as it pleas'd——these two Gentlemen heard 'em as well as I——

Joll. Can they be such Monsters? Oh! I'm as hot as Lucifer——Oh—Oh! What did you hear 'em say?——Oh my stomach!

Cut. Why that they had a Plot——

Aur. And that the Doctor and 'Pothecary had done it very well.

Wor. I and your Niece ask'd if he thought the Poison were strong enough.

Aur. There never was such an Impudence!

Will. How murder will 'out! I always thought, fellow *Ralph*, your Mistress *Luce* was naught with that young smooth-fac'd Varlet; do you remember, *Ralph*, what I told you in the Butteries once?

Aur. Here she comes! O Impudence!

Enter Lucia.

Joll. Oh! Oh! Oh! --- go all aside a little, and let me speak with her alone. Come hither, Niece—— Oh! Oh! You see by what accident 't has pleas'd——huh—huh—huh—to take away your loving Uncle, Niece! huh—

Luc. I fee't, Sir, with that grief which your misfortune and mine in the loss of you does require.

Cut. There's a Devil for *Joll.* and *Luc.* you; but, Captain, did you talk together. hear her speak o' poison, and whether it were strong enough?

Wor. No, but I love to strike home when I do a business, I'm for through-fitch; I'm through pac'd, what a pox should a Man stand mincing?

Luc. I hope, Sir, and have faith, that you'll recover! But, Sir, because the danger's too apparent, And who (alas) knows how Heaven may dispose of you? before it grow too late (after your blessing) I humbly beg one Boon upon my knees.

Joll. What is't (rise up Niece) Oh! --- I can deny you nothing at this time sure!

Luc. It is (I wo'not rise, Sir, till you grant it)

That since the love 'twixt *Truman* and my self,

Has been so fixt, and like our fortunes equal, Ye would be pleas'd to sign before your Death,

The confirmation of that Love, our Contract,

And when your Soul shall meet above, my Fathers,

As soon as he had bid you welcome thither, He'll thank you for this goodness to his Daughter;

I do conjure you, Sir, by his memory! By all your hopes of happiness hereafter In a better World! And all your dearest wishes of happiness for those whom ye love most, and leave behind you here!

Joll. You ha' deserv'd so well o' me, Niece, that 'tis impossible to deny you any thing; where's gentle Mr. *Truman*?

Luc. In the next room, Sir, waiting on your will As on the Sentence of his Life and Death too.

Joll. Oh---I'm very sick---pray bring him in.

Luc. A thousand Angels guard your life, Sir! Or if you die, carry you up to Heaven.

Wor. Was there ever such a young dissembling Witch?

Cut. Here's Woman in perfection!

The Devil's in their Tails, and in their Tongues !
They're possest both ways !
Joll. Will, Ralph, is Jeremy there too ? Be ready when I speak to you.

Enter Truman, Lucia (veil'd.)

Trum. Our prayers are heard, 'tis as we will'd, dear *Lucia*, Oh this blest hour !

Joll. Take him and carry him up to the Green Chamber---Oh my Belly---lock him insure there, till you see what becomes of me ; if I do die, he and his Mistress shall have but an ill Match of it at Tyburn. Oh my Guts---Lock up *Luce* too in her Chamber.

Trum. What do ye mean, Gentlemen ? are ye mad ?

Will. We mean to lock you up safe, Sir, for a great Jewel as you are !

Luc. Pray hear me all.

Joll. Away with 'em. *Exeunt all the Servants with Truman and Lucia, several ways.*

Aur. How do you, Sir ? I hope you may o're-come it, your Nature's strong, Sir.

Joll. No, 'tis impossible ; and yet I find a little ease, but 'tis but a flash---*Aurelia*---Oh there it wrings me again---fetch me the Cordial-glass in the Cabinet window, and the little Prayer-book ; I would fain repent, but it comes so hardly---I am very unfit to die, if it would please Heaven---so, set down the Glass---there---give me---

Aur. The Prayer-book, Sir, 's all mouldy, I must wipe it first.

Joll. Lay it down too---so---it begins t' afflague a little---there lay down the Book ; 'twill but trouble my Brains now I'm a dying.

Enter Will.

Will. Here's the Widow, Sir, without, and Mrs. Tabitha her Daughter, they have heard o' your misfortune, and ha' brought Mr. Knock-down to comfort you.

Joll. How ? everlasting Knock-down ! will they trouble a Man thus when he's a dying ? Sirrah ! Blockhead ! Let in Joseph Knock-down, and I'll send thee to Heaven afore me ; I have but an hour or two to live perhaps, and that's not enough for him I'm sure to preach in !

Will. Shall Mrs. Barebottle come in, Sir ?

Joll. That's a She Knock-down too ; well, let her come in---huh ! huh ! huh ! I must bear all things patiently now ; but Sirrah, Rogue ! Take heed o' Joseph Knock-down, thou shalt not live with ears, if Joseph Knock-down enter.

Enter Widow, Tabitha.

Wid. How d' you Neighbour Colonel ? How is't ? Take comfort.

Joll. Cut off i'th flower o' my Age, Widow.

Wid. Why, Man's life is but a Flower, Mr. Jolly, and the Flower withers, and Man withers, as Mr. Knock-down observed last Sabbath-day at Evening Exercise ; But, Neighbour, you're past the Flower, you're grown old as well as I---

Joll. I' the very flower ; that damn'd Quack-salver---

Tab. Me-thoughts he was the ugliest fellow, Mother, And they say he's a Papish too, forsooth.

Wid. I never liked a Doctor with a Red Nose ; my Husband was wont to say----how do you, Mrs. Aurelia ? Comfort your self, we must all die sooner or later ; to day here, to morrow gone.

Joll. Oh the torture of such a Tongue ! Would I were dead already, and this my Funeral Sermon.

Wid. Alas poor Man ! his Tongue I warrant yee is hot as passes ; you have a better memory than I, *Tabitha*, tell him what Mr. Knock-down said was a Saints duty in tormenting sicknesses, now Poison's a great tormentor.

Joll. Oh ! Oh !---this additional Poison will certainly make an end of me !

Wid. Why seek for spiritual Incomes, Mr. Colonel ; I'll tell you what my Husband Barebottle was wont to observe (and he was a Colonel too) he never sought for Incomes, but he had some Blessing followed immediately ; once he sought for 'em in Hartfordshire, and the next day he took as many Horses and Arms in the Country, as serv'd to raise three Troops ; another time he sought for 'em in Bucklersbury, and three days after a friend of his, that he owed five hundred pounds to, was hang'd for a Malignant, and the Debt forgiven him by the Parliament ; a third time he sought for 'em in Hartfordshire-----

Tab. No, Mother, 'twas in Worcester-shire, forsooth.

Wid. I Child, it was indeed in Worcester-shire ; and within two Months after the Dean of Worcester's Estate fell to him.

Joll. He sought for 'em once out o' my Estate too, I thank him ; Oh my head !

Wid. Why truly, Neighbour Colonel, he had that but for his Penny, and would have had but a hard Bargain of it, if he had not by a friends means of the Council hook'd in two thousand pounds of his Arrears.

Cut. For shame let's relieve him ; Colonel, you said you had a mind to settle some affairs of your Estate with me, and Capt. Worm here,

C *Wid.*

Wid. I'll leave you then for a while, pray send for me, Neighbour, when you have a mind to't : Heaven strengthen you; come, Tabitha.

Joll. Aurelia, go out with them, and leave us three together for half an hour.

[Exit Wid. Tab. Aur.

Stay you, *Will*, and reach me the Cordial ; I begin to hope that my extream violent fit of vomiting and purging has wrought out all the poison, and sav'd my life---my pain's almost quite gone, but I'm so sore and faint ---give me the Glafs.

Wor. What d' you mean, Colonel ? you will not doat, I hope, now you're dying ? Drink I know not what there, made by a Doctor and a 'pothecary ? Drink a cup o' Sack, Man ; healing Sack, you'll find your old Antidote best.

Cut. H'as reason, Colonel, it agrees best with your nature ; 'tis good to recover your strength----as for the danger, that's past, I'm confident, already.

Joll. Dost thou think so, honest *Cutter* ? Fetch him a Bottle o' Sack, *Will*, for that news ; I'll drink a little my self, one little Beer-glafs.

Cut. Poor creature ! He would try all ways to live !

Joll. Why if I do die, *Cutter*, a Glafs o' Sack will do me no hurt I hope ! I do not intend to die the Whining way, like a Girl that's afraid to lead Apes in

Enter Will, Hell---- So, give it me ; a with a Bottle little fuller,--- yet--- it and great Glass. warms exceedingly--- and is very Cordial---So,---fill to the Gentlemen.

Wor. Let's drink, let's drink, whilst breath we have ; [Sings. You'll find but cold, but cold drinking in the Grave.

Cut. A Catch i'faith ! Boy, go down, Boy, go down, And fill us t'other quart,

That we may drink the Colonel's health.

Wor. That we may drink the Colonel's health.

Both. Before that we do part.

Wor. Why dost thou frown, thou arrant Clown ?

Hey Boys---- Tope----

Joll. Why this is very cheerful ! pray let's ha' the Catch that we made t' other Night against the Doctor.

Wor. Away with't, *Cutter*; hum---- Come fill us the Glafs o' Sack.

Cut. What Health do we lack ?

Wor. Confusion to the Quack.

Both. Confound him, Confound him, Diseases all around him.

Cut. And fill again the Sack,

Wor. That no Man may lack,
Cut. Confusion to the Quack,
Both. Confusion to the Quack,
Confound him, Confound him,
Diseases all around him.

Wor. He's a kind of Grave-maker,

Cut. Allrinal Shaker,

Wor. A wretched Groat-taker,

Cut. A stinking Close-Stool raker,

Wor. He's a Quack that's worse than a Quaker.

Both. He's a Quack, &c.

Wor. Hey, Boys--- Gingo---

Joll. Give me the Glafs, *Will*. I'll venture once more what 'ere come on't, here's a Health to the Royal Traveller, and so *Finis coronat*.

Wor. Come on, Boys, *Vivat* ; have at you again then.

Now a Pox on the Poll of old Politick *Noll*.

Both. We'll drink till we bring, In Triumph back the King.

Wor. May he live till he see

Old *Noll* upon a Tree.

Wor. And many such as he.

Both. May he live till, &c.

Joll. I'm very Sick again ; *Will*, help me into my Bed ; rest you merry, Gentlemen.

Cut. Nay, we'll go in with him, Captain, he shall not die this bout.

Wor. It's pity but he should, he dos't so bravely ; come along them, kiss me, *Cutter* ; is not this better than quarrelling ?

Both. May he live till he see, &c.
Hey for Fidlers now !

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Jolly, and Aurelia.

Joll. T Is true, *Aurelia*, the Story they all agree in ; 'twas nothing but a simple Plot o' the two Lovers to put me in fear o' death, in hope to work then upon my good Nature, or my Conscience, and Quack conspired with them out o' revenge ; 'Twas a cursed Rogue though to give me such an unmerciful Dose of Scammony ! It might ha' prov'd but an ill jest ; but however, I will not be a loser by the business, e're I ha' done with't.

Aur. Methinks there might be something extracted out of it.

Joll. Why so there shall ; I'll pretend, *Aurelia*, to be still desperately sick, and that I was really poison'd, no Man will blame me after that, for whatsoever I do with my Niece.

Niece. But that's not all, I will be mightily troubled in Conscience, send for the Widow, and be converted by her, that will win her heart, joyn'd with the hopes of my swallowing Lucia's portion.

Aur. For that point I'll assist you, Sir: Assure her that my Cousin Lucia is married privately this Afternoon to Mr. Puny.

Joll. I would she were, Wench, (for thine and my sake) her Portion would be forfeit-ed then indeed, and she would ha' no great need of't, for that Fop's very rich.

Aur. Well, Sir, I'll bring sufficient proofs of that, to satisfie the Widow, and that's all you require; be pleas'd to let the secret of the busines rest with me yet a while, to morrow you shall know't. But for my own part, Sir, if I were in your place, I'd rather patiently lose my Estate for ever, than take 't again with her.

Joll. Oh! hold your self contented, good frank-hearted Aurelia; would I were to marry such a one every week these two years: see how we differ now?

Aur. Bleſſ us! What humming and hawing will be i' this house! What preaching, and houling, and fasting, and eating among the Saints! Their first pious work will be to banish Fletcher and Ben Johnson out o' the Parlour, and bring in their rooms Martin Mar-Prelate, and Posies of Holy Honey-suckles, and a Salve-box for a Wounded Conscience, and a Bundle of Grapes from Canaan. I can't abide 'em; but I'll break my sister Tabitha's heart within a Month one way or other. But, Sir, suppose the King should come in again, (as I hope he will for all these Villains) and you have your own again o' course, you'd be very proud of a Soap-boilers Widow then in Hide-park, Sir.

Joll. Oh! Then the Bishops will come in too, and she'll away to New-England; well, this does not do my busines; I'll about it, and send for her. [Exit.]

Enter Ralph.

Aur. And I'll about mine; Ralph, did you speak to Mr. Puny to meet me an hour hence at the back-door in the Garden? He must not know the estate the house is in yet.

Ralph. Yes, forsooth, he bad me tell you, he'd no more fail you than the Sun fails Barnaby-day, I know not what he means by't, but he charg'd me to tell you so, and he would bring (forsooth) his Regiment of five hundred. He's a Mad-man, I think.

Aur. Well, did you speak to Mr. Soaker to stay within too, the little Deacon that uses to drink with Will and you?

Ralph. Yes, forsooth, he's in the Buttery.

Aur. Pray Heaven he don't forget my Instructions there! But first I have a little

trick for my Lovers to begin withal, they shall ha' twenty more before I ha' done with 'em. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Truman Junior.

Trum. The Veil of this mistake will soon be cast away, I would I could remove Lucia's as easily, and see her face again, as fair, as shortly our Innocence will appear.

But if my Angry Father come to know our late Intelligence in this unlucky busines, though we ha' fulfill'd the Letter of his Will; that which can satisfie a Lover's Conscience, will hardly do so to an old Man's Passion; Ye Heavenly Powers, or take away my life, or give me quickly that for which I only am content to keep it.

S C E N E III.

Enter Aurelia, (veil'd)

Ha! I did but speak just now of Heavenly powers, And my bleſſ Angel enters, sure they have Heard me, and promise what I prayed for. My dear Lucia, I thought you'd been a kind of Prisoner too. [She gives him a Paper, and embraces him.] She's kinder too than she was wont to be; My prayers are heard and granted, I'm confirm'd in't.

By my Maids means I have gotten Keys both of my own Chamber and yours; we may escape if you please; but that I fear would ruine you; We lie both now in the same House, a good fortune that is not like to continue; since I have the engagement of your faith, I account my self your Wife already, and shall put my honour into your hands; about Midnight I shall steal to you; If I were to speak this I should blush, but I know whom I trust.

Yours, Lucia.

Trum. Thou dost not know me, Lucia, [Aside.]

And hast forgot thy self: I am amaz'd.

Stay, here's a Postscript. (Burn this Paper as soon as you have read it.)

Burn it? Yes, would I had don't before,

[Burns it at the Candle.]

May all remembrance of thee perish with thee,

Unhappy paper!

Thy very ashes sure will not be innocent,

But flie about and hurt some Chaste Man's Eyes,

As they do mine. [weeps.]
 Oh, *Lucia*, this I thought of all misfortunes
 Would never have befall'n me, to see thee
 Forget the ways of Virtue and of Honour.
 I little thought to see upon our love,
 That flourish'd with so sweet and fresh a
 Beauty,
 The slimy traces of that Serpent, Lust.
 What Devil has poison'd her? I know not
 what to say to her.
 Go, *Lucia*, retire, prethlee, to thy Chamber,
 And call thy wandring Virtue home again,
 It is not yet far gone, but call it quickly,
 'Tis in a dangerous way; I will forget thy
 error,
 And spend this Night in Prayers that Heaven
 may do so. [Exit Aur.]
 Would she have had me been mine own Adulterer?
 Before my Marriage? — Oh Lust — Oh
 Frailty —
 Where in all humane nature shall we miss
 The ulcerous Fermentations of thy heat,
 When thus (alas) we find thee breaking out
 Upon the comli'st Visage of perfection?
 [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Pray Heaven, I han't made my foolish Wit stay for me; if he talk with others
 of the house before me, I'm undone. Stay, have I my Paper ready? Oh! that's well! my Hand I'm sure 's as like hers as the Left is to the Right, we were taught by the same Master, pure *Italian*, there's her *A*'s and her *G*'s I'll swear — Oh! are you come? That's well.

SCENE V.

Enter Puny.

'Tis almost four o' clock, and that's the precious hour.

Pun. My little *Heliogabalus*, here I am, *Presto!*

Aur. You're always calling me Names, Mr. *Puny*, that's unkindly done to one that's labouring for you, as I am.

Pun. I ha' made more haste hither than a Parson does to a Living o' three hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Aur. *Puny*, you're not a Man o' business I see, that's not the style o' business; Well, I ha' done, I think, the work for you, 'tis as odd a Plot as ever you heard.

Pun I like it better, I love odd things.
Aur. Why thus then, you know Mr. *Truman* took an Oath to his Father never to see my Cousin more without his leave.
Pun. Pish, do I know that a Lawyer loves to take Money in *Michaelmas* Term?
Aur. A pies upon you: well, my Father has made *Lucy* swear too never to see *Truman* without his consent.
Pun. Good, there will be a good Beep love.
Aur. For all this, they're resolv'd to Marry this Afternoon, (nay don't interrupt me with your Fopperies, or I'll be gone) and to save their Oaths (like cunning Casuists, as all Lovers are) they'll be Married in a dark Room (do you mark me?) the Minister, Mr. *Soaker*, is to Marry them without Book; and because they're bound not to speak to one another (for that I forgot to tell you) they're to signify their consent, when he asks 'em, *Will you such a one* — by reverences, and giving their hands; you never heard of such a humour, but they're both mad —

Pun. Ha! ha! ha! Rare, as Fantastical as a Whirl-gig — but how come you to know all this, my little pretty Witch of Lancashire?

Aur. Why that I'm coming to; her Maid you must know is my pensioner, and betrays all Counsels; And to confirm all this to you, here's her last Letter to *Truman* about the business, which my Intelligencer has Deliver'd to me instead of him, you know her Hand: Read it all over to your self.

Pun. I'll swear by her Foot, this is her Hand — hum — *My Uncle's sick, and no Body will be at this side o' the House -- the matted Chamber -- hum -- In at the Back-door which shall be left only put to -- (ha, ha, ha!) Mr. Soaker with you -- just at four -- you must not stay long with me -- (ha, ha, ha!) when 'tis done and past recovery they'll release us of our Oaths -- hum -- I shall not fail -- Yours L. (ha, ha, ha.)*

Aur. Now he knows nothing o' the time, for that he should ha' known by this Letter; and you conceive my design, I hope? you're not a Wit for nothing.

Pun. My dear Pythagorean, that I should go in and Marry her instead of him?

Aur. Right! Thou'lt a shrewd reach.

Pun. But where's old *Soaker* all this while?

Aur. Why, I ha' told all this to him, only naming you in all things instead of *Truman*; and that 'twas my Contrivance all for my Cousins and your Sake; he's within at a Call, I'll send for him; who's there? *Mary*? Call hither Mr. *Soaker*; I ha' given him five pounds, and for so much more he'll Marry you

you to another to Morrow, if you will.

Pun. I adore thee, Queen Solomon; I had rather be Marry'd by such a Plot as this, than be Nephew to *Master John* — I'll make't a thousand Spankers.

Enter Mr. Soaker.

Aur. Oh come, 'tis time, Mr. Soaker; as soon as you ha' done leave the Marry'd couple together, I'll lock this Door upon you, go out at the other, where he'll come in to you.

Pun. 'Tis as dark as the Devil's Conscience; but the best is, the Parson has a good *Fieri Facies*, like a Holiday, that will give some light.

Aur. No! There's Light enough to keep you from Stumbling within. Oh! I forgot to tell you, break a piece of Gold, and give her half, for a proof of the — do you understand me?

Pun. 'Tis well thought on; but, *Domine Deboribus*, can you say the Service without Book are you sure?

Soaker. I warrant you, Sir; can you Lye with her without Book afterwards?

Pun. He's a Wit too by Juno; all are Wits that have a finger in this Venison-pasty.

Aur. She'll come immediately, go in; do not stay above half an hour, Mr. Puny, my Cousin will be mist else, and all spoilt.

Pun. I'll warrant you, let's in; dear Learning lead the way. [They go in, and

Aurelia locks the Door o' the out-side.
Aur. So, all's sure this way; I'll be with you straight.

SCENE VI.

Enter Jolly, Cutter.

Joll. So, now the Widow's gone, I may breath a little; I believe really that true Devotion is a great Pleasure, but 'tis a damp'd constraint and drudgery methinks, this Dissimulation of it. I wonder how the new Saints can endure it, to be always at the work, Day and Night Acting; But great Gain makes every thing seem easie; And they have, I suppose, good Lusty Recreations in private. She's gone, the Little Holy thing, as proud as Lucifer, with the Imagination of having been the Chosen Instrument of my Conversion from Popery, Prelacy, and Cavalierism, she's gone to brag o'f to Joseph Knock-down, and bring him to Confuse me. But, Cutter, thine was the best Humour that ever was begot in a Rogue's Noddle, to be Converted in an instant, the Inspiration way, by my example! It may hap to get thee *Tabitha*.

Cut. Nay, and I hit just pat upon her way, for though the Mother be a kind of Brownist, (I know not what the Devil she is indeed) yet *Tabitha* is o' the Fifth Monarchy Faith, and was wont to go every Sunday a-foot over the Bridge to hear Mr. *Feeke*, when he was Prisoner in *Lambeth-House*, she has had a Vision too her self of Horns, and strange things.

Joll. Pish! *Cutter*, for the way that's not material, so there be but enough of Non-sence and Hypocrisie; But, *Cutter*, you must reform your Habit too, a little; Off with that Sword and Buff, and greasie Plume o' Ribbons in your Hat. They'll be back here presently, do't quickly.

Cut. I'll be chang'd in an instant, like a Scene, and then I'll fetch 'em to you. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Truman Senior.

Trum. Sen. I, there goes one of his Swaggers; I could ha' swagger'd with him once. — Oh! Colonel, you're finely poison'd, are you not? Would I had the poisoning o' you — Where's my Son *Dick*? What ha' you done with him?

Joll. Mr. *Truman* —

Trum. True me no more than I true you — come — Colonel, you're but a Swaggering — I'll ha' the Law to Swagger with you, that I will.

Joll. First leave your Raging; though you should rage like *Tamerlain* at the Bull, 'twould do no good here.

Trum. Do you call me Names too? I'll have an Action o' *Scandalum*. Well, Colonel, since you provoke me, the *Protector* shall know what you are, and what you would have had me done for the King, in the time of the last rising.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, I took you for a Person of Honour, and a Friend to his Majesty; I little thought to hear you speak of betraying a Gentleman to the *Protector*.

Trum. f. Betraying? No, Sir, I scorn it as much as you, but I'll let him know what you are, and so forth, an' you keep my Son from me.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, if you'll but hear me patiently, I shall propose a thing that will, I hope, be good and acceptable both to your Son and you.

Trum. Say you so, Sir? well, but I won't be call'd *Tamerlain*.

Joll. My Niece, not only by her wicked design to poison me, but by Marrying her self without my consent this day to *Puny*, has (as you know very well, for you were a witness, Sir, to my Brother's Will) lost all the right

right she had to a plentiful portion. *Aurelia* shall have that and my Estate, (which now within few days I shall recover) after my Death; she's not I think Unhandsome, and all that know her will confess she wants no Wit; with these Qualities, and this Fortune, if your Son like her, (for though he's injur'd me, Sir, I forget that, and attribute it only to the Enchantments of my Niece) I do so well approve both of his Birth and Parts, and of that Fortune, which you I think will please to make him, that I should be extremely glad of the Alliance.

Trum. f. Good Colonel, you were always a kind Neighbour and loving Friend to our Family, and so were we to you, and had respects for you; you know I would have had *Dick* marry your Niece, till you declar'd he should ha' no Portion with her.

Joll. For that I had a particular reason, Sir; your Son's above in my House, shall I call him, Sir, that we may know his mind? I would not have him forc'd.

Trum. f. Pray send for him, good Colonel; forc'd? No, I'll make him do't, I'll warrant you. Boys must not be their own choosers, Colonel, they must not 'ifaith, they have their Sympathies and Fiddle come-faddles in their Brain, and know not what they would ha' themselves.

SCENE VIII.

Enter *Lucia*.

Joll. Why how now *Lucia*? How come you from your Chamber?

Luc. I hope you did not mean me a prisoner, Sir, since now you're satisfy'd sufficiently that you're not poison'd?

Joll. I am not Dead, that's true. But I may thank Heaven, and a strong Constitution for't; you did your weak endeavours; however, for the honour of our Family, and for your Father's sake, I'll speak no more o' that, but I could wish, for the security of my Life hereafter, that you would go home to your Husband, for they say you're Marry'd, Niece, this day without my knowledge. ---Nay,---I'm content,---go home to him when you please, you shall ha' your thousand pounds.

Trum. f. Hark you, Colonel, she should not have a Groat of 'em, not a Groat; she can't recover't by Law, I know the Will.

Luc. I Marry'd Sir? 'Tis the first news I've heard of't.

SCENE IX.

Enter *Trum. Jun.*

Lucia goes to put on her Veil.

Joll. Nay, leave your pretty Jesuitical Love-tricks to salve an Oath; Mr. *Truman*, you may let your Son see her now.

Trum. f. I, *Dick*, you may see her as much as you please; she's marry'd.

Trum. j. Marry'd?

Trum. f. I Marry'd, so I say, Marry'd this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*.

Luc. What do they mean?

Trum. f. And, *Dick*, I ha' got a Wife too for you, you shall ha' pretty Mrs. *Aurelia*.

Trum. j. Lucia Marry'd?

Trum. f. Her Father and I are agreed of all things; Hark you, *Dick*, she has a brave Fortune now.

Trum. j. Marry'd to *Puny*?

Trum. f. You shall have her presently.

Trum. j. This afternoon?

Trum. f. Come, *Dick*; there's a Wife for you, *Dick*.

Trum. j. I won't marry, Sir.

Trum. f. What do you say, Sir?

Trum. j. I wo' not Marry, Sir.

Trum. f. Get you out o' my sight you Rebel.

Joll. Nay, good Mr. *Truman*.

Trum. f. I'll ne'er acknowledge him for my Son again; I tell you, Colonel, he's always thus with his wo'nots and his can-nots.

SCENE X.

Enter *Puny*.

Pun. We ha' made short work on't; 'twas a brave quick Parsonides; The little Skittish Philly got away from me, I know not how, like an Eel out of a Basket.

Joll. Give him a little time, Mr. *Truman*, he's troubl'd yet at my Nieces Marriage, 'twill over quickly.

Trum. f. Give my Son time, Mr. *Jolly*? Marry come up----

SCENE XI.

Enter *Aurelia*, (after *Puny*.)

Aur. What ha' you done already? You're a sweet Husband indeed.

Pun. Oh! My little Pimp of honour! Here, here's the five hundred Marigolds; hold thy hand, *Dido*--- yonders my Wife, by Satan; how a Devil that little *Mephostophilus* got hither before me?

Aur.

Aur. To her *Puny*; never conceal the Mystery any longer, 'tis too good a Jest to be kept close.

Trum. f. For your sake I will then, Colonel; Come prethee, *Dick*, be chearful---

Trum. j. I beseech you---Sir ---

Trum. f. Look you there, Colonel, now he should do what I would have him, now he's a beseeching---- 'tis the proudest stubborn't Coxcomb ---

Pun. And now, my noble Uncle *To Jolly*. ---nay, never be angry at a Marriage i'the way of wit --- My fair *Egyptian Queen*, come to thine *Anthony*.

Luc. What would this rude Fellow have?

Trum. j. I am drown'd in wonder !

Pun. 'Twas I, my dear *Philoclea*, that Marry'd thee e'en now in the dark room, like an Amorous Cat; you may remember the Damask Bed by a better Token of Two than a bow'd *Philip* and *Mary*.

Luc. I call Heaven to witness,
Which will protect and justify the Innocent,
I understand not the least word he utters,
But as I took him always for a Fool,
I now do for a Mad-man.

Aur. She's angry yet to have mistook her Man.

[To Jolly.]

'Tis true, Sir, all that Mr. *Puny* says, I mean for the Marriage, for the rest, she's best able to answer for her self.

Luc. True, Cousin, then I see 'tis some conspiracy t'ensnare my Honour and my Innocence.

Aur. The Parson, Mr. *Soaker*, that Marry'd 'em is still within.

Will. He's i'th' Buttery, shall I call him, Sir?

Joll. I, quickly.

Trum. j. 'Tis the sight of me, no doubt, confounds her with a shame to confess any thing; It seems that sudden fit of raging lust, that brought her to my Chamber, could not rest till it was satisfid, it seems I know not what.

Enter Mr. Soaker.

Joll. Mr. *Soaker*, Did you Marry my Niece this Afternoon to Mr. *Puny*, in the Matted-Chamber?

Soak. Yes, Sir, I hope your Worship won't be angry, Marriage, your Worship knows, is honourable.

Luc. Hast thou no Conscience neither?

S C E N E XII.

Enter Widow, Tabitha, Cutter in a Puritanical Habit.

Joll. Niece, go in a little, I'll come t'you presently and examine this matter further; Mr. *Puny*, lead in your Wife for shame.

Luc. Villain, come not near me, I'll sooner touch a Scorpion or a Viper.

[Exit.]

Pun. She's as humorous as a Bell-rope; she need not be so choleric, I'm sure I behav'd my self like *Propria que maribus*.

Aur. Come in with me, Mr. *Puny*, I'll teach you how you shall handle her.

Exeunt Aur. Pun.

Joll. Mr. *Truman*, pray take your Son home, and see how you can work upon him there; speak fairly to him.

Trum. f. Speak fairly to my Son? Ill see him buried first.

Joll. I mean, perswade him----

Trum. f. Oh! that's another matter; I will perswade him, Colonel, but if ever I speak fair to him till he mends his manners ---Come along with me, Jack-sawce, come home.

Trum. f. I, Sir, anywhither. [Exeunt]

Trum. Sen. Trum. Jun.

Wid. What's the matter, brother Colonel, are there any broils here?

Joll. Why, Sister, my Niece has Married without my consent, and so it pleases, it e'en pleases Heaven to bestow her Estate upon me.

Wid. Why, Brother, there's a Blessing now already; If you had been a wicked Cavalier still she'd ha'done her duty, I warrant you, and defrauded you of the whole Estate; my Brother *Cutter* here is grown the Heavenliest Man o'the sudden, 'tis his work.

Cut. Sister *Barebottle*, I must not be called *Cutter* any more, that is a Name of *Calvalero* darkness, the Devil was a *Cutter* from the beginning, my Name is now *Abednego*, I had a Vision which whisper'd to me through a Key-hole, Go call thy self *Abednego*.

Tab. The wonderful Vocation of some Vessels!

Cut. It is a Name that signifies Fiery Furnaces, and Tribulation, and Martyrdom, I know I am to suffer for the Truth.

Tab. Not as to death, Brother, if it be his will.

Cut. As to death, Sister, But I shall gloriously return.

Joll. What, Brother, after death? That were miraculous.

Cut.

Cut. Why the wonder of it is, that it is to be miraculous.

Joll. But Miracles are ceas'd, Brother, in this wicked Age of Cavalerism.

Cut. They are not ceas'd, Brother, nor shall they cease till the Monarchy be establish'd.

I say again I am to return, and to return upon a Purple Dromedary, which signifies Magistracy, with an Axe in my hand that is called Reformation, and I am to strike with that Axe upon the Gate of *Westminster-hall*, and cry, *Down Babylon, and the Building called Westminster-hall*, is to run away, and cast it self into the River, and then Major General *Harrison* is to come in Green sleeves from the North upon a Sky-colour'd Mule, whick signifies heavenly Instruction.

Tab. Oh the Father ! He's as full of Mysteries as an Egg is full of meat.

Cut. And he is to have a Trumpet in his mouth as big as a Steeple, and at the sounding of that Trumpet all the Churches in London are to fall down.

Wid. O strange, what times shall we see here in poor *England*!

Cut. And then *Venner* shall march up to us from the West in the figure of a Wave of the Sea, holding in his hand a Ship that shall be call'd the Ark of the Reform'd.

Joll. But when must this be, Brother *Abednego* ?

Cut. Why all these things are to be when the Cat of the North has o're-come the Lyon of the South, and when the Mouse of the West has slain the Elephant of the East. I do hear a silent Voice within me, that bids me rise up presently and declare these things to the Congregation of the Lovely in *Coleman-street*, *Tabitha, Tabitha, Tabitha*, I call thee thrice, come along with me, *Tabitha*.

[Exit.]

Tab. There was something of this, as I remember, in my last Vision of Horns the other day. Holy Man ! I follow thee; farewell, forsooth, Mother, till anon.

Joll. Come, let's go in too, Sister.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Truman Junior.

WHAT shall I think hence-forth of Woman-kind ?

When I know *Lucia* was the best of it, And see her what she is ? What are they made of ?

Their Love, their Faith, their Souls enlay'd to passion !

Nothing at their Command beside their Tears, And we, vain men, whom such Heat-drops deceive !

Hereafter I will set my self at Liberty, And if I sigh or grieve, it shall not be For Love of One, but pity of all the Sex.

S C E N E II.

Enter Lucia.

Ha ! she will not let me see her sure ; If ever, *Lucia*, a Veil befitted thee, 'Tis now, that thou maist hide thy guilty blushes.

Luc. If all their malice yet Have not prevail'd on *Truman's* Constancy, They'll miss their wicked end, and I shall live still.

I'll go and speak to him.

Trum. Forbear, *Lucia*, for I have made a second Oath, which I shall keep, I hope, with lesser trouble, never to see thy face more.

Luc. You were wont, Sir, To say, you could not live without the sight of't.

Trum. I ; 'twas a good one then.

Luc. Has one day spoil'd it ?

Trum. O yes, more than a hundred years of time, made as much more by sorrow, and by sickness, cou'd e'er have done.

Luc. Pray hear me, *Truman* : For never innocent Maid was wrong'd as I am ;

Believe what I shall say to you, and confirm

By all the holiest Vows that can bind Souls.

Trum. I have believ'd those Female tricks too long ;

I know thou canst speak winningly, but thy Words

Are not what Nature meant them, thy Minds Picture ;

I'll believe now what represents it better, Thine own Hand, and the proof of mine own Eyes.

Luc. I know not what you mean ; believ'e my Tears.

Trum. They're idle empty Bubbles. Rais'd by the Agitation of thy Passions, And hollow as thy heart ; there is no weight in 'em.

Go thou once, *Lucia* ; Farewell, Thou that wer' dearer to me once, than all The outward things of all the World beside,

Or

Or my own Soul within me, farewell for ever;
Go to thine Husband, and love him better than
Thou didst thy Lover.
I ne'er will see thee more, nor shall, I fear,
E'er see my self again.

Luc. Hear me but once. [kneels.]

Trum. No, 'tis enough; Heaven hear thee when thou kneel'st to it. [Exit.]

Luc. Will he? He's gone; now all the world has left me, [rises.]

And I am desolately miserable; 'Tis done unkindly, most unkindly, *Truman*. Had a blest Angel come to me and said That thou wert false, I should have sworn it

ly'd,

And thought that rather fal'n than thee. Go, dear, false Man, go seek out a new

Mistress;

But when you ha' talk'd, and lov'd, and vow'd, and sworn

A little while, take heed of using her As you do me; no, may your love to her Be such as mine to you, which all thy injuries

Shall never change, nor Death it self abolish.

May she be worthier of your Bed than I, And when the happy course of many years Shall make you appear old to all but her, May you in the fair Glass of your fresh Issue See your own youth again; but I would have 'em

True in their Loves, and kill no innocent Maids;

For me it is no matter; when I'm dead, My busie soul shall flutter still about him, 'Twill not be else in Heaven; it shall watch Over his sleeps, and drive away all Dreams That come not with a soft and downy wing; If any dangers threaten, it shall becken And call his spirit away, till they be past, And be more diligent than his Guardian Angel;

And when just Heaven, as I'm assur'd it will, Shall clear my Honour and my Innocence, He'll sigh, I know, and pity my misfortunes,

And blame himself, and curse my false Accusers,

And weep upon my Grave For my wrong'd Virtue, and mistaken Truth,

And unjust Death, I ask no more. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Truman Junior.

'Twas barbarously done to leave her so; Kneeling and weeping to me; 'twas inhuman;

I'll back and take my leave more civilly, So as befits one who was once her Worshipper. [Goes over the Stage, and comes back. She's gone; why let her go; I feel her still; I feel the root of her, labouring within To sprout afresh, but I will pluck it up, Or tear my heart with't.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Jolly, Truman Senior.

Joll. He's there, Sir, pray let him now resolve you positively what he means to do.

Trum. f. What he means to do, Colonel? that were fine

'Faith; if he be my Son he shall mean nothing;

Boys must not have their meanings, Colonel:

Let him mean what I mean with a Wenchion.

Trum. j. I shall be prest, I see, by 'em, upon the hateful Subject of a Marriage; And to fill up the measure of Affliction, Now I have lost that which I lov'd, compell'd

To take that which I hate.

Trum. f. I will not be troubled, Colonel, with his meanings, if he do not Marry her this very Evening (for I'll ha' none of his Flim-flams and his May-be's) I'll send for my Son Tom from St. John's College (he's a pretty Scholar I can tell you, Colonel, I have heard him syllogize it with Mr. Soaker in Mood and Figure) and settle my Estate upon him with her; if he have his Meanings too, and his Sympathies, I'll disinherit 'em both, and Marry the Maid my self, if she can like me, I have one Tooth yet lef', Colonel, and that's a Colt's one.

Trum. j. Did I submit to lose the sight of *Lucia*

Only to save my unfortunate Inheritance, And can there be impos'd a harder Article For me to boggle at?

Would I had been born some wretched Peasant Son,

And never known what Love or Riches were.

Ha—— I'll marry her—— why should I not? if I

Must Marry some body, And hold my Estate by such a slavish Tenure,

Why not her as well as any else? All Women are alike I see by *Lucia*,

'Tis but resolving to be miserable, And that is resolv'd for me by my Destiny.

Joll. Well, try him pray, but do it kindly, Sir,

And Artificially.

D

Trum.

CUTTER of Coleman-street.

Trum. f. I warrant you; *Dick*, I'll ha' you Marry Mrs. *Aurelia* to Night.

Trum. j. To Night? The warning's short, Sir, and it may be—

Trum. f. Why look you, Colonel, he's at's old Lock, he's at's May-bees again.

Trum. j. I know not, Sir—

Trum. f. I, and his Know-nots, you shall have him at his Wo'nots presently; Sirra—
I will have you know, Sir—

Joll. Nay, good Mr. *Truman*—you know not yet what answer he intends to make you.

Trum. j. Bepleas'd, Sir, to consider—

Trum. f. Look you, Sir, I must consider now, he upbraids his Father with the want of consideration, like a Varlet as he is.

Trum. j. What shall I do? Why should not I do any thing,
Since all things are indifferent?

Joll. I beseech you, Mr. *Truman*, have but a little patience—

Your Father, Sir, desires to know—

Trum. f. I do not desire him, Colonel, nor never will desire him, I command him upon the duty of a Child—

Joll. Whether you can dispose your self to Love and Marry my Daughter *Aurelia*; and if you can, for several reasons we desire it may be presently consummated.

Trum. j. Out with it, stubborn Tongue; I shall obey my Father, Sir, in all things.

Trum. f. Ha! what de'e say, Sir?

Joll. This old testy Fool is angry, I think, to have no more occasion given him of being fo.

Trum. j. I shall obey you, Sir.

Joll. You speak, Sir, like a virtuous Gentleman, the same obedience and resignation, to a Father's Will, I found in my *Aurelia*, and where two such persons meet, the issue cannot chuse but be successful.

Trum. f. Ah *Dick*, my Son *Dick*, he was always the best natur'd Boy---- he was like his Father in that--- he makes me weep with tendernes, like an old Fool as I am--- Thou shalt have all my Estate, *Dick*, I'll put my self to a pension rather than thou shalt want ----go spruce up thy self a little presently, thou art not merry i'faith, *Dick*, prethee be merry, *Dick*, and fetch fine Mrs. *Aurelia* presently to the little Church behind the Colonel's Garden, Mr. *Seaker* shall be there immediately and wait for you at the Porch (we'll have it instantly, Colonel, done, lest the young Fool should relapse) come, dear *Dick*, let's go cheerily on with the business

Trum. j. What have I said? What am I doing? The best is, it is no matter what I say or do.

Joll. I'll see *Aurelia* shall be ready, and all things on my part within this half hour.

Trum. f. Good, honest, noble Colonel, let me shake you by the hand. Come, dear *Dick*, we lose time. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter *Cutter*, *Tabitha*, a *Boy*.

Cut. And the Vision told me, sister *Tabitha*, that this same day, the first of the seventh Month, in the Year of Grace, 1658. and of Revelation, and Confusion of Carnal Monarchies the tenth, that we two, who are both holy Vessels, should by an holy Man be joyned together in the holy Bond of sanctify'd Matrimony.

Tab. I Brother *Abednego*, but our Friends Consents—

Cut. Heaven is our Friend, and, Sister, Heaven puts this into our thoughts; it is, no doubt, for propagation of the great Mystery; there shall arise from our two bodies, a great Confounder of *Gogmagog*, who shall be called the Pestle of Antichrist, and his Children shall inherit the Grapes of *Canaan*.

Tab. My Mother will be angry, I'm afraid.

Cut. Your Mother will rejoice, the Vision says so, Sister, the Vision says your Mother will rejoice; how will it rejoice her righteous heart to see you, *Tabitha*, riding behind me upon the Purple Dromedary? I would not for the World that you should do it, but that we are commanded from above; for to do things without the aforesaid Command is like unto the building of a Fire without the Bottom-cake.

Tab. I, I, that it is, he knows.

Cut. Now to confirm to you the truth of this Vision, there is to meet us at a zealous Shoemaker's habitation hard by here, by the command of a Vision too, our Brother *Zephaniah Fats*, an Opener of Revelations to the Worthy in *Mary White-chappel*, and he is the chosen Vessel to joyn our hands.

Tab. I would my Mother knewt'; but if that holy Man come too by a Vision, I shall have grace, I hope, not to resist.

Cut. Sister, let me speak one word of Instruction to yonder Babe.

Tab. Oh how my Bowels yern!

Cut. Sirrah, is my little Doctor already staying for me at *Tom Underleather* my Shoemaker's House?

Boy. Yes, Sir, but he's in so strange a Habit, that Mr. *Underleather*'s Boy *Franck*, and I were ready to die with Laughing at him.

Cut. Oh so much the better; go you little piece of a Rogue, and get every thing ready against I come back. [Exit *Boy*.

Sister, that Babe you saw me speaking to is predestinated

predestinated to Spiritual Mightiness, and is to be restorer of the Mystical Tribe of *Gad*----

Tab. Oh the Wonderous---- but, Brother *Abednego*, will you not pronounce this Evening-tide before the Congregation of the *Saints* in *Coleman-street*?

Cut. The will of the latter Vision is to be fulfilled first, as a Preparatory Vision; let us not make the Messenger of Mystery, who is sent by a Vision so far as from *Mary White-chappel* for our sakes, to stay too long from his lawful Vocation of Basket-making. Come, Sister *Tabitba*.

Tab. Hei, ho! But I will not resist.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Jolly, Puny, Worm.

Joll. Mr. *Puny*, since you threaten me, I tell you plainly I think my Niece has undone her self by Marrying thee: for though thou hast a fair Estate at present, I'm hainously mistaken if thou beest not cheated of it all within these three years by such Rabbit-fuckers as these, that keep thee company, and like lying Sons o' the Devil as they are, cry thee up for a Wit, when there's nothing so unlike, no not any of thy own Similitudes, thy odious Comparisons.

Pun. The Colonel's raging mad, like a Baker in the Suburbs, when his Oven's over-heated.

Wor. Good, very good i' faith.

Joll. I, that was one of 'em; as for her Portion, I thought to ha' given her a thousand pounds, but---

Pun. O Magnanimous Colonel! What a Portion for a Tooth-pick-maker's Daughter!

Wor. Good, shoot him thick with similes like Hail-shot.

Joll. But now thou shalt not have a Groat with her.

Pun. What not a poor old *Harry-Groat* that looks as thin as a Poet's Cloak? But however, my noble Mountain-hearted Uncle, I ha' made her Maiden-head a Crack'd Groat already, and if I ha' nothing more from her, she shall ha' nothing more from me; no, she shall foot Stockins in a Stall for me, or make Childrens Caps in a Garret fifteen Stories high.

Joll. For that matter (for though thou speakst no sense, I guessth thy brutish meaning) the Law will allow her honourable Alimony out o' your Foolship's Fortune.

Pun. And the Law will allow me her Portion too, good Colonel Uncle, you're not too big to be brought into *Westminster*.

Hall; nay, Captain, his Niece uses me worse too, she will not let me touch the Nail of her little finger, and rails at me like a Flounder-mouth'd Fish-woman with a face like *Billinggate*.

Joll. What flesh can support such an affected Widgeon, who ha's not a design to cheat him of something that that vermin ha's? Well, I shall be able to Live now I hope as befits a Gentleman, and therefore I'll endure the company of Fops and Knaves no longer.

Wor. Come, Colonel, let's go in, and dispute the difference conscientiously over a Bottle o' Sack.

Joll. I keep no Tavern, *Worm*; or if I did, thy whole Estate would hardly reach to a Gill.

Wor. Colonel, thou art grown Unkind; and art Drunk this afternoon without me.

Joll. Without thee, Buffoon? Why I tell thee, thou shall never shew that Odd, Pimping, Cheating face o' thine within my Doors again, I'll turn away any Man o' mine that shall disparage himself to drink with such a fellow as thou art.

Wor. As I? Why what am I? Pray? Mighty Colonel!

Joll. Thou art or hast been every thing that's ill, there is no Scandalous way of Living, no Vocation of the Devil, that thou hast not set up in at one time or other; Fortune ha's Whip'd thee about through all her Streets; Thou'rt one that lives like a Raven, by Providence and Rapin; now thou'rt feeding upon that raw young Fellow, and doest Devour and Kaw him; thou'rt one that if thou shouldst by chance go to Bed sober, wouldst write it down in thy Almanack, for an Unlucky day; Sleep is not the Image of Death to thee, unless thou bee'st Dead drunk; Thou art--- I know not what--- thou'rt any thing, and shall be to me hereafter nothing.

Pun. This Colonel pisses Vinegar to day.

Wor. This is uncivil Language, Colonel, to an old Comrade, and one of your own party.

Joll. My Comrade? O' my party thou? Or any but the party of the Pick-purses!

Pun. This bouncing Bear of a Colonel, will break the back of my little Whelp of a Captain, unles I take him off; come away Captain, I'll firk his back with two Bumbaylies, till he spew up every Stiver of her Portion.

Joll. Fare ye well, Gentlemen, come not near these Doors if you love your own Leather, I'll ha' my Scullions batter you with Bones and Turnips, and the Maids drown you with Piss-pots, if you do but approach the Windows; these are sawcy Knaves indeed,

deed, to come to me for Pounds and Portions.

[Exit.]

Wor. Poverty, the Pox, an ill Wife, and the Devil go with thee, Colonel.

Pun. I vex'd him to the Gills, *Worm*, when I put that bitter Bob o' the Baker upon him.

Wor. I? Is't e'n so? Not come to your House? By *Jove* I'll turn him out of it himself by a trick that I have.

Pun. Pish! Thou talk'st as ravingly as a Coftermonger in a Feaver.

Wor. I'll do't, by *Jove*.

Pun. How, prethee, Captain? What does thy Pericranium mean?

Wor. Why here I ha't, by *Jove*; I'm ravish'd with the fancy of it; let me see---- let me see---- his Brother went seven years ago to *Guiney*----

Pun. I, but the Merchants say, he's Dead long since, and gone to the Blackamores below.

Wor. The more Knaves they; he lives, and I'm the Man.

Pun. Ha! ha! ha! Thou talk'st like a Sow'd Hogs-face.

Wor. I knew him very well, and am pretty like him, liker than any of your Similitudes, *Pany*; by long Conversation with him, and the Colonel, I know all passages betwixt 'em; and what his Humour and his Estate was, much better than he himself, when he was Alive; he was a stranger thing than any Monster in *Africk* where he Traded.

Pun. How! Prethee Captain? I love these Odd fantastical things as an Alderman loves Lobsters.

Wor. Why, you must know, he had quite lost his memory, totally, and yet thought himself an able Man for business, and that he did himself all that was done by his Man *John*, who went always along with him; like a Dog with a Blind Man.

Pun. Ha! ha! ha! Sublimely Fantastical.

Wor. He carry'd a Scrawl about him of Memorandums, even of his Daughters and his Brothers Names, and where his House stood; for as I told you, he remembred nothing; and where his Scrawl failed, *John* was his remembrancer, we were wont to call him Remembancer *John*.

Pun. Ha, ha, ha! Rarely exotick! I'll Act that apple *John*, never was such a *John* as I; not *John o' Gant*, or *John o' Nokes*, I will turn Remembrancer *John*, as round as a Wedding Ring, ha, ha, ha!

Wor. Well said! But you must lay aside conceits for a while, and remote fancies, I'll teach you his humour instantly; now will I and my Man *John* swarthy our Faces over as

if that Country's heat had made 'em so, (which will Disguise us sufficiently) and attire our selves in some strange Habits o' those Parts, (I know not how yet, but we shall see it in *Speed's Mapps*) and come and take Possession of our Houfe and Estate.

Pun. Dear *Ovid*, let's about thy Metamorphosis.

Wor. 'Twill be discover'd perhaps at last, but however, for the present 'twill break off his match with the Widow, (which makes him so Proud now) and therefore it must be done in the twinkling of an Eye, for they say he's to Marry her this Night; if all fail, 'twill be at least a merry 'bout for an hour, and a Mask to the Wedding.

Pun. Quick, dear Rogue! quick as Precipitation.

Wor. I know where we can ha' Cloaths, hard by here; give me ten Pounds to hire 'em, and come away, but of all things, Man *John*, take heed of being witty.

Pun. I, that's the Devil on't; well, go; I'll follow you behind like a long Rapier.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. If they would allow me but a little time, I could play such a trick with *Mr. Truman*, as should smart sorely for the rest of his Life, and be reveng'd abundantly on my Cozen, for getting of him from me, when I was such a foolish Girl three year ago, as to be in Love with him.

But they would have us marry'd instantly, The Parson stays for us at Church. I know not what to do---- all must out---- Ods my life he's coming to fetch me here to Church already.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Truman Junior.

Trum. j. I must go through with it now; I'll Marry her, And live with her according to the forms, But I will never touch her as a Woman. She stays for me---Madam---

Aur. Sir.

Trum. j. I cannot out with it---Madam.

Aur. Sir----

Trum. j. Must we go Marry, Madam?

Aur. Our Friends will have it so, it seems.

Trum. Why will you Marry me? What is there in me That can deserve your liking? I shall be The most untoward and ill-favour'd Husband That

That ever took a melting Maid t' his Bed ;
The faculties of my Soul are all untuned,
And every Glory of my Springing youth,
Is fallen into a strange and sudden Winter,
You cannot Love me sure.

Aur. Not to Distraction, Sir.

Trum. No, nor I you ; why should we
Marry then ?
It were a folly, were it not, *Aurelia* ?

Aur. Why they say, 'tis the best Marriage,
when like is joyn'd to like ; now we
shall make a very even Match, for neither
you Love me, nor I Love you, and 'tis to be
hop'd we may get Children that will Love
neither of us.

Trum. Nay, by my soul, I love you, but
alas,
Not in that way that Husbands should their
Wives ;
I cannot Toy, nor Kiss, nor do I know not
what,

And yet I was a Lover, as true a Lover —

Aur. Alack a day !

Trum. 'Twas then, (methoughts) the
only happiness
To sit and talk, and look upon my Mi-
stress,
Or if she was not by, to think upon her ;
Then every Morning, next to my Devotion,
Nay often too (forgive me Heaven) be-
fore it,
She flipt into my fancy, and I took it
As a good Omen for the following day ;
It was a pretty foolish kind of Life,
An honest, harmless Vanity ; but now
The fairest Face moves me no more, than
Snow

Or Lilies when I see 'em, and pass by ;
And I as soon should deeply fall in Love
With the fresh Scarlet of an Eastern Cloud,
As the Red Lips and Cheeks of any Wo-
man ;

I do confess, *Aurelia*, thou art Fair,
And very Witty, and (I think) Well-na-
tur'd,

But thou'ret a Woman still.

Aur. The sight of you, Sir,
Makes me not repent at all my being so.

Trum. And prethee now, *Aurelia*, tell
me truly,
Are any Women constant in their Vows ?
Can they continue a whole Month, a Week,
And never change their faith ? Oh ! if they
could,
They would be excellent things ; nay, ne'er
dissemble ;
Are not their Lusts unruly, and to them
Such Tyrants as their Beauties are to us ?
Are their Tears true, and solid when they
weep ?

Aur. Sure Mr. *Truman* you ha'nt slept of
late,

If we should be Marry'd to Night, what
would you do for Sleep ?

Trum. Why ? Do not Marry'd People
sleep o' Nights ?

Aur. Yes ! yes ! Alas, good Innocence.

Trum. They have a scurvy Life on't, if
they don't ;

But we'll not Live as other People do,
We'll find out some new handsome way of
Love,

Some way of Love that few shall imitate,
Yet all admire ; for 'tis a fordid thing,
That Lust should dare t' insinuate it self
Into the Marriage-bed ; we'll get no Chil-
dren,

The worst of Men and Women can do that ;
Besides too, if our Issue should be Female,
They would all Learn to flatter and dis-
semble,

They would deceive with Promises and
Vows

Some simple Men, and then prove False, and
Kill 'em,

Would they not do't, *Aurelia* ?

Aur. I, any thing, Mr. *Truman* ; but what
shall we do, Sir, when we are Marry'd, pray ?

Trum. Why ! we'll live very Lovingly
together,

Sometimes we'll sit and talk of excellent
things,
And laugh at all the Nonsense of the world ;

Sometimes we'll walk together,
Sometimes we'll read, and sometimes eat,
and sometimes sleep ;

And sometimes pray, and then at last, we'll
die,

And go to Heaven together ; 'twill be
rare !

Aur. We may do all this (methinks) and
never Marry for the matter.

Trum. 'Tis true, we may so !
But since our Parents are resolv'd upon it,
In such a Circumstance let 'em have their
humour.

My Father sent me in to Complement,
And keep a prating here, and play the
Fool ;

I cannot do't, what should I say, *Aurelia* ?
What do they use to say ?

Aur. I believe you knew, Sir, when you
Woo'd my Cousin.

Trum. I, but those Days are past ; they're
gone for ever,
And nothing else, but Nights are to succeed
'em ;

Gone like the faith and truth of Women
kind,

And never to be seen again ! O *Lucia* !
Thou wast a wondrous Angel in those Days
of thy blest state of Innocence.

There was a Cheek ! A Fore-head ! And
an Eye ! —

Did you observe her Eye, *Aurelia* ?

Aur. O yes, Sir ! There were pretty Babes in't.

Trum. It was as glorious as the Eye of
Heaven ;
Like the soul's Eye it pierc'd through every
thing ;
And then her Hands---her Hands of Liquid
Ivory !
Did she but touch her Lute (the pleasing't
Harmony then upon Earth when she her
self was silent)

The subtil motion of her Flying Fingers
Taught Musick a New art, to take the Sight,
as well as Ear.

Aur. I, Sir, I ! you'd best go look her
out, and Marry her, she has but one Hus-
band yet.

Trum. Nay, prethee, good *Aurelia*, be
not angry,
For I will never Love, or See her more.
I do not say she was more Fair than thou
art,

Yet if I did ? No, but I wo'n't say so !
Only allow me this one short last remem-
brance of one I lov'd so long. And now I think
on't, I'll beg a favour of you, you will Laugh
at me I know, when you have heard it, but
prethee grant it ; 'tis that you would be
Veil'd, as *Lucia* was of late, for this one
day ; I would fain Marry thee so ;
'Tis an odd foolish fancy, I confess,
But Love and Grief may be allow'd some-
times.

A little Innocent folly.

Aur. Good ! This Fool will help me, I
see, to cheat himself ;
At a dead *lift*, a little hint will serve me.
I'll do't for him to the Life.

Trum. Will you, *Aurelia* ?

Aur. That's but a small Compliance ;
you'll ha' power anon to Command me
greater things.

Trum. We shall be Marry'd very pri-
vately ;
None but our selves ; and that's e'en best,
Aurelia.

Why do I stick here at a Fatal step
That must be made ? *Aurelia*, are you rea-
dy ?

The Minister stays for us.

Aur. I'll but go in and take my Veil, as
you Command me, Sir ;
Walk but a few turns in the Garden, in less

than half an hour I'll come to you, ha,
ha, ha !

Trum. I go, I am Condemn'd, and must
Obey ;

The Executioner stays for me at Church.

[Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Colonel Jolly, Will.

Joll. SO, I have her at last, and honest
Joseph Knock-down Married us, methinks, with convenient brevity ; I have
some hold now upon my Estate again (tho'
she, I confess, be a clog upon it worse than a
Mort-gage) that, my good Neighbour *Bare-*
bottle left wholly to his Wife ; almost all the
rest of the Incomes upon his seeking, go to
his Daughter *Tabisba*, whom *Cutter* has got
by this time, and promises me to live like
an honest Gentleman hereafter ; now he
may do so comfortably and merrily. She
Marry'd me thus suddenly, like a good Hof-
wife, purely to save charges ; however though,
we'll have a good Supper for her, and her eating Tribe ; *Will*, is the Cook a
doing according to my Directions ?

Will. Yes, Sir, he's very hard at his busi-
ness ; he's swearing and cursing in the
Kitchin, that your Worship may bear him
thither, he'll fright my new old Mistres out
of the House.

Joll. 'Tis such an over-roasted Coxcomb
---bld him be sure to season well the Veni-
son that came in luckily to day.

Will. Troth, Sir, I dare not speak to him
now, unless I should put on your Worship's
Armour that lies hid in the Barrel below ;
he'd like to ha' spitted me just now, like a
Goose as I was, for telling him he look'd
like the Ox that's roasted whole in St. James's
Fair. Who's there ?

Joll. See who's at door. I shall ha' some
plundered Plate, I hope, to entertain my
Friends with, when we come to visit the
Trunks with Iron hoops ; who is't ?

Will. Nay, Heaven knows, Sir ; two
Fiends, I think, to take away the Cook for
fowering. They ha' thrust in after me.

SCENE II.

Enter Worm and Puny disguised like the
Alderian and John.

Wor. They'll hardly know us at first in
these foreign habits.

Pun. I Sir, and as the Sun has us'd us in
those hot Countries.

Wor. Why, this is my old house here,
John ; ha, ha ! Little thought I to see my
old House upon Tower-hill again. Where's
my Brother *Jolly* ?

Joll. They call me Colonel *Jolly*.

Wor.

Wor. Ha! Let me see,
Looks on his Note. A burly Man of a Moderate stature — a Beard a little greyish — ha! A quick Eye, and a Nose inclining to red —

Pun. Nay, 'tis my Master's Worship, Sir, would we were no more alter'd since our Travels.

Wor. It agrees very well — Save you, good Brother, you little thought to see me here again, though I dare say you wish'd it; stay, let me see, how many years, John, is't since we went from hence?

Pun. 'Tis now seven years, Sir.

Wor. Seven? Methinks I was here but yesterday, how the what de-ye-call-it runs? How do you call it?

Pun. The Time, Sir.

Wor. I, I, the time, John; what was I saying? I was telling you, Brother, that I had quite forgot you; was I not telling him so, John?

Joll. Faith we're both quits then; I'll swear I ha'forgot you; why you were dead five years ago.

Wor. Was I? I ha'quite forgot it; John, was I dead five years ago? My memory fails me very much of late.

Pun. We were worse than dead, Sir, we were taken by a barbarous Nation, and there made Slaves; John, quoth he? I was poor John I'm sure; they kept us three whole years with nothing but Water and Acorns, till we look'd like Wicker-bottles.

Wor. What Sirrah, did your Master look like? I'll teach you to say your Master look'd like what de-ye-call'ums.

Joll. Where did they take you Prisoners?

Wor. Nay, ask John, he can tell you I warrant you; 'twas in — tell him, John, where it was.

Pun. In Guiney.

Joll. By what Country-men were you taken?

Wor. Why they were called — I ha'forgot what they call 'em, 'twas an odd kind o'Name, but John can tell you.

Pun. Who I, Sir? Do you think I can remember all things?

Wor. 'Tis i' my Book here I remember well. Name any Nation under the Sun.

Pun. I know the Name, Sir, well enough; but I only try'd my Master's memory, 'twas the Tartarians.

Wor. I, I, those were the Men.

Joll. How, John? Why all the World Man lies betwixt 'em, they live up in the North.

Pun. The North?

Joll. I the very North, John.

Pun. That's true indeed, but these were another Nation of Tartarians that liv'd in

the South, they came antiently from the others.

Joll. How got you from 'em, John, at last?

Pun. Why faith, Sir, by a Ladies means, who, to tell you the truth, fell in love with me; my Master has it all in his Book, 'tis a brave story.

Joll. In what Ship came you back?

Pun. A plague of 't, that question will be our ruine.

Wor. What Ship? 'Twas call'd a thing that swims, what d' you call't?

Joll. The Mermaid?

Wor. No, no, let me see.

Joll. The Triton?

Wor. No, no, a thing that in the water does — it swims in the water —

Joll. What is it? The Dolphin?

Wor. No, no, I ha'quite forgot the Name on't, but 'tis no matter, it swims —

Joll. What say you, John?

Pun. I, Sir, my Master knows well enough; you can't conceive the misery we endur'd, Sir.

Joll. Well, Brother, I'll but ask you one question more, where did you leave your Will?

Pun. 'S'Life, now he's pos'd again — we shall never carry't through.

Wor. I'll tell you presently, Brother — let me see, Memorandums

*about my Will, left to my Brother — Reads in his
ther the whole charge of my E- Scrawl.
state — hum — hum — five thousand pounds — hum — What did you ask me, Brother?*

Joll. In what place you left your Will?

Wor. I that was it indeed, — that was the very thing you ask'd me; what a treacherous memory have I? My memory is so short —

Joll. This is no Answer to my Question yet.

Wor. 'Tis true indeed; what was your Question, Brother?

Joll. Where you left your Will?

Wor. Good Lord, that I should forget you ask'd me that! I had forgot it, i'faith Law that I had, you'll pardon, I hope, my Infirmitiy, for I alas — alas — I ha'forgot what I was going to say to you, but I was saying something, that I was.

Joll. Well, Gentlemen, I'm now in haste, walk but a while into the Parlour there, I'll come to you presently.

Wor. But where's my Daughter?

Pun. Lucia, Sir?

Wor. I, Lucia — put me in mind to ask for her (a plague o' your Tartarians.)

Pun. And o' your What dee-ye-call'-ems.

Wor. 'Life, Tartarians!

[Exeunt Worm, Puny.

Joll.

Joll. If these be Rogues, (as Rogues they seem to be) I will so exercise my Rogues, the tyranny of a new Beadle over a Beggar shall be nothing to't; what think'ft thou of 'em, *Will?*

Will. Faith, Sir, I know not--- h'as just my Master's Nose and Upper-Lip; but if you think it be not he, Sir, I'll beat 'em worse than the *Tartarians* did.

Joll. No, let's try 'em first---- trick for trick---- Thou were wont to be a precious Knave, and a great Actor too, a very *Roscius*; didst not thou play once the Clown in *Musidorus*?

Will. No, but I play'd the Bear, Sir.

Joll. The Bear! why that's as good a Part; thou'rt an Actor then I'll warrant thee, the Bear's a well-penn'd Part, and you remember my Brother's humour, don't you? They have almost hit it.

Will. I, Sir, I knew the shortness of his memory, he would always forget to pay me my Wages, till he was put in mind of't.

Joll. Well said, I'll dress thee within, and all the Servants shall acknowledge thee, you conceive the Design--- be confident, and thou canst not miss; but who shall do trusty *John*?

Will. Oh, *Ralph* the Butler, Sir, 's an excellent try'd Actor, he play'd a King once; I ha' heard him speak a Play *ex tempore* in the Butteries.

Joll. O excellent *Ralph*! Incomparable *Ralph*, against the World! Come away, *William*, I'll give you instructions within, it must be done in a moment. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter *Aurelia, Jane.*

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! This is the best Plot o' yours, dear Madam, to Marry me to Mr. *Truman* in a Veil instead of your self; I can't chuse but laugh at the very conceit o' t'; 'twill make excellent sport: My Mistress will be so mad when she knows that I have got her Servant from her, ha, ha, ha!

Aur. Well, are you ready? Veil your self all over, and never speak one word to him, whatever he says, (he'll ha' no mind to talk much) but give him your hand, and go along with him to Church; and when you come to, I take thee--- mumble it over that he mayn't distinguish the voice.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! I can't speak for Laughing--- dear hony, Madam, let me but go in and put on a coup'e o' Patches; you can't imagine how much prettier I look with a Lozenge under the Left Eye, and a Half Moon o' this cheek; and then I'll but

slip on the Silver-lac'd Shooes that you gave me, and be with him in a trice.

Aur. Don't stay, he's a fantastical Fellow, if the whimsy take him, he'll be gone.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter *Lucia.*

They say he's to pass instantly this way
To lead his Bride to Church; ingrateful
Man!

I'll stand here to upbraid his guilty Con-
science,
And in that black attire in which he saw me
When he spoke the last kind words to me;
'Twill now befit my sorrows, and the Wi-
dow-hood of my Love;
He comes alone, what can that mean?

S C E N E V.

Enter *Truman Junior.*

Trum. Come, Madam, the Priest stays for us too long;
I ask your pardon for my dull delay,
And am ashamed of't.

Luc. What does he mean? I'll go with him what e'er it mean. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Enter *Cutter, Tabitha, Boy.*

Cut. Come to my Bed, my Dear, [Sing.
my Dear,

My Dear come to my Bed,
For the pleasant pain, and the loss with
gain
Is the loss of a Maidenhead.
For the pleasant, &c.

Tab. Is that a Psalm, Brother Husband,
which you sing?

Cut. No, Sister Wife, a short Ejaculati-
on only.

[Boy brings a Hat and Feather, Sword and
Belt, broad Lac'd Band, and Peruke.
Well said Boy, bring in the things----

Tab. VVhat do you mean, Brother *Abed-*
nego? you will not turn Cavalier, I hope,
again, you will not open before *Sion*, the
Dressings of *Babylon*?

Cut. VVhat do these Cloaths befit Queen
Tabitha's Husband upon her day of Nuptials?
This Hat, with a high black Chimney
for a crown, and a brim no broader than a
Hatband? Shall I, who am to ride the Purple
Dromedary, go drest like *Revelation Fats*
the Basket-maker? Give me the Peruke,
Boy;

Boy; shall Empress *Tabitha's* Husband go as if his head were scalded? Or wear the Seam of a Shirt here for a Band? Shall I, who am zealous even to slaying, walk in the streets without a Sword, and not dare to thrust Men from the wall, if any shall presume to take't of Empress *Tabitha*? Are the Fidlers coming, Boy?

Tab. Pish, I cannot abide these doings; are you mad? There come no prophane Fidlers here.

Cut. Be peaceable, gentle *Tabitha*; they will not bring the Organs with them hither; I say be peaceable, and conform to Revelations; It was the Vision bid me do this; wilt thou resist the Vision?

Tab. An' these be your Visions! Little did I think I wusse--- O what shall I do? Is this your Conversion? which of all the Prophets wore such a Map about their Ears, or such a Sheet about their Necks? Oh! my Mother! what shall I do? I'm undone.

Cut. VVhat shalt thou do? why, thou shalt Dance, and Sing, and Drink, and be Merry; thou shalt go with thy Hair Curl'd, and thy Breasts open; thou shalt wear fine black Stars upon thy Face, and Bobs in thy Ears bigger than bouncing Pears; Nay, if thou do'st begin but to look rustily--- I'll ha' thee paint thy self, like the Where of *Babylon*.

Tab. Oh! that ever I was Born to see this day---

Cut. What, dost thou weep, Queen *Dido*? Thou shalt ha' Sack to drive away thy Sorrows; bring in the Bottle, Boy, I'll be a Loving Husband, the Vision must be obey'd; Sipp, *Tabitha*; Weep o' thy Wedding day? 'Tis ominous;

Come to my Bed my Dear, &c.
Oh, art thou come, Boy? Fill a Brimmer, nay, fuller yet, yet a little fuller! Here, Lady Spouse, here's to our sport at Night.

Tab. Drink it your self, an' you will; I'll not touch it, not I.

Cut. By this hand thou shalt pledge me, seeing the Vision said so; Drink, or I'll take a Coach, and carry thee to the *Opera* immediately.

Tab. O Lord, I can't abide it---[Drinks off.]

Cut. Why, this will cheat thy Heart; Sack, and a Husband? Both comfortable things; have at you again.

Tab. I'll pledge you no more, not I.

Cut. Here take the Glass, and take it off---off every drop, or I'll swear a hundred Oaths in a breathing time.

Tab. Well! you're the strangest [Drinks. Man---

Cut. Why, this is right; nay, off with't; so--- but the Vision said, that if we left our Drink behind us, we should be Hang'd,

as many other Honest Men ha' been, only by a little negligence in the like case; Here's to you, *Tabitha*, once agen, we must fulfil the Vision to Tittle.

Tab. VVhat must I drink again? well! you are such another Brother--- Husband.

Cut. Bravely done, *Tabitha*! Now thou obey't the Vision, thou wilt ha' Revelations presently.

Tab. Oh! Lord! my Head's giddy----nay, Brother, Husband, the Boy's taking away the Bottle, and there's another Glafs or two in it still.

Cut. O Villainous Boy! Fill out you Bastard, and squeeze out the last drop.

Tab. I'll drink to you now, my Dear; 'tis not handsome for you to begin always--- Come to my Bed, [Drinks. my Dear, and how waft? 'Twas a pretty Song, methoughts.

Cut. O Divine *Tabitha*! Here come the Fidlers too, strike up ye Rogues.

Tab. What must we Dance too? Is that the Fashion? I could ha' Danc'd the Curranto when I was a Girl, the Curranto's a curious Dance.

Cut. We'll out-dance the Dancing Disease; but, *Tabitha*, there's one poor Health left still to be drunk with Musick.

Tab. Let me begin't; here [Drinks. Duck, here's to all that Love us.

Cut. A Health, ye Eternal Scrapers, sound a Health; rarely done, *Tabitha*, what think'st thou now o' thy Mother?

Tab. A fig for my Mother; I'll be a Mother my self shortly; Come, Duckling, shall we go home?

Cut. Go home? The Bride-groom and his Spouse go home? No, we'll Dance home; afore us, Squeakers, that way, and be Hang'd, you Sempiternal Rakers. O brave! Queer *Tabitha*! Excellent Empress *Tabitha*, on ye Rogues. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Jolly, Worm, Puny.

Wor. But where's my what d' ye call her, Brother?

Joll. What, Sir?

Wor. My Daughter--- *Lucia*, a [Reads. pretty fair Complexioned Girl, with a Black Eye, a Round Chin, a little Dimpled, and a Mole upon--- I would fain see my Daughter---- Brother.

Joll. Why, you shall, Sir, presently, she's very well; what Noise is that? How now? What's the matter?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ho ! my old Master ! my old Master's come, he's Lighted just now at the door with his Man *John*; he's asking for you, he longs to see you ; my Master, my old Master.

Joll. This Fellow's mad.

Serv. If you won't believe me, go but in and see, Sir ; he's not so much alter'd, but you'll quickly know him, I knew him before he was Lighted, pray, go in, Sir.

Joll. Why, this is strange---- there was indeed some weeks since, a report at the *Exchange*, that he was alive still, which was brought by a Ship that came from *Barbary*; but that he should be split in two after his Death, and Live again in both, is wonderful to me. I'll go see what's the matter.

[*Exeunt Jolly, Servant.*

Pun. I begin to shake like a Plum-tree Leaf.

Wor. 'Tis a micer Plot o' the Devils to have us beaten, if he send him in just at this Nick.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Ralph (as *John*) and two or three Servants.

1. *Serv.* Ah Rogue, art thou come at last ?

2. *Serv.* Why, you'll not look upon your old Friends ! Give me your Golls, *John*.

Ral. Thank ye all heartily for your Love; thank you with all my Heart ; my old Bed-Fellow, *Robin*, and how does little *Ginny* do ?

3. *Serv.* A murrain take you, you'll ne'er leave your Waggery.

Pun. A murrain take ye all, I shall be paid the Portion here with a witness.

Ral. And how does *Ralph* ? good honest *Ralph* ; there is not an honester Fellow in Christendom, though I say't my self, that should not say't.

2. *Serv.* Ha, ha, ha ! Why *Ralph*, the Rogue's well still ; Come let's go to him into the Buttery, he'll be over-joy'd to see thee, and give us a Cup o' the best Stingo there.

Ral. Well said ; Steel to the back still, *Robin* ; that was your word you know ; my Masters coming in ! Go, go, I'll follow you.

1. *Serv.* Make haste, good *John*.

Ralp. Here's a Company of as Honest Fellow-servants ; I'm glad, I'm come among 'em again.

Wor. And would I were got out from 'em, as honest as they are ; that *Robin* has a thrashing hand.

Pun. John, with a Pox to him ! would I were hid like a Maggot in a Pescod.

SCENE IX.

Enter *Jolly, William.*

Joll. Methinks you're not return'd, but born to us anew.

Will. Thank you, good Brother ; truly we ha' past through many dangers ; my Man *John* shall tell you all, I'm Old and Crastic.

Enter Servant.

4. *Serv.* Sir, the Widow (my Mistress I should say) is coming in here with Mr. Knock-down, and four or five more.

Joll. 'Ods my Life ! This Farce is neither of Doctrine, nor Use to them ! Keep 'em here, *John*, till I come back. [Exit. *Jolly.*

Wor. I'm glad the Colonel's gone ; now will I sneak away, as if I had stoln a Silver Spoon.

Will. Who are those, *John* ? by your leave, Sir, would you speak with any body here ?

Wor. The Colonel, Sir ? but I'll take some other time to wait upon him, my occasions call me now.

Will. Pray stay, Sir, who did you say you would ha' spoken with ?

Wor. The Colonel, Sir ; but another time will serve ; he has business now.

Will. Whom would he speak with, *John* ? I forget still.

Ral. The Colonel, Sir.

Will. Colonel ! what Colonel ?

Wor. Your Brother, I suppose he is, Sir, but another time----

Will. 'Tis true indeed ; I had forgot, i'faith, my Brother was a Colonel ; I cry you mercy, Sir, he'll be here presently. Ye seem to be Foreigners by your Habits, Gentlemen.

Wor. No, Sir, we are English-men.

Will. English-men ? Law you there now ! wou'd you ha' spoke with me, Sir ?

Wor. No, Sir, your Brother ; but my business requires no haste, and therefore----

Will. You're not in haste, you say ; pray, Sir, sit down then, may I crave your Name, Sir ?

Wor. My Name's not worth the knowing, Sir----

Will. This Gentleman ?

Wor. 'Tis my Man, Sir, his Name's *John*.

Pun. I'll be *John* no more, not I. I'll be Jackanapes first ; No, my Name's *Timothy*, Sir.

Will.

Will. Mr. John Timothy, very well, Sir ; ye seem to be Travellers.

Wor. We are just now as you see, arriv'd out of Africk, Sir, and therefore have some business that requires----

Will. Of Africk? Law ye there now ; what Country, pray ?

Wor. Prester-John's Country ; fare you well, Sir, for the present, I must be excus'd.

Will. Marry God forbid ; what come from Prester-John, and we not drink a Cup o' Sack together.

Wor. What shall I do ? Friend, shall I trouble you to shew me a private place ? I'll wait upon you presently again, Sir,

Will. You'll stay here, Master ?----

Pun. I'll only make a little Maids water, Sir, and come back to you immediately.

Ral. The Door's lock'd, Sir, the Colonel has lock'd us in here---- why do you shake, Sir ?

Pun. Nothing--- only I have extream lust to make water. Here's the Colonel, I'll sneak behind the Hangings.

S C E N E X.

Enter Jolly, Widow.

Joll. We'll leave those Gentlemen within awhile upon the point of Reprobation ; but Sweet heart, I ha' two Brothers here, newly arriv'd, which you must be acquainted with.

Wid. Marry, Heaven fore-shield ! not the Merchant, I hope ?

Joll. No, Brethren in Love, only---- How dee you, Brother ?

Wor. I your Brother ; what de'e mean ?

Joll. Why, are not you my Brother *Jolly*, that was taken Prisoner by the Southern Tariars ?

Wor. I Brother, I by *Tartars* ?

Joll. What an impudent Slave is this ? Sirrah, Monster, didst thou not come with thy Man *John* ?

Wor. I, my Man *John* ? Here's no such person here ; you see you're mistaken.

Joll. Sirrah, I'll strike thee Dead.

Wor. Hold, hold, Sir, I do remember now I was the Merchant *Jolly*, but when you ask'd me, I had quite forgot it ; alas, I'm very Crasie.

Joll. That's not amis ; but since thou art not he, I must know who thou art.

Wor. Why, don't you know me ? I'm Captain *Worm*, and *Puny* was my Man *John*.

Joll. Where's that Fool, *Puny* ? Is he slipt away ?

Pun. Yes, and no Fool for't neither, for ought I know yet.

Wor. Why, we hit upon this Frolick, Colonel, only for a kind o' Mask (de' ye conceive me, Colonel?) to celebrate your Nuptials ; Mr. *Puny* had a mind to reconcile himself with you in a merry way o' Drolery, and so had I too, though I hope you were not in earnest with me.

Joll. Oh ! is that all ? well said *Will*, bravely done *Will*, I faith ; I told thee, *Will*, what twas to have Acted a Bear ; and *Ralph* was an excellent *John* too.

Wor. How's this ? then I'm an Ass again ; this dama'd *Puny*'s fearfulness spoilt all.

Pun. This cursed Coward *Worm* ! I thought they were not the right ones.

Joll. Here's something for you to drink ; go look to Supper, this is your Cue of Exit.

[*Exit. Will and Ralph.*

Wid. What need you, Love, ha' given 'em any thing ? in truth, Love, you're too lavish.

Wor. 'Twas wittily put off o' me however.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Cutter, Tabitha, with Fidlers.

Joll. Here are more Maskers too, I think ; this Masking is a Heavenly entertainment for the Widow, who ne'er saw any Shew yet but the Puppet-play o' *Ninive*.

Cut. Stay without, Scrapers.

Tab. Oh Lord, I'm as weary with Dancing as passles ; Husband, Husband, yonder's my Mother ; O Mother what do you think I ha' been doing to day ?

Wid. Why what, Child ? No hurt, I hope.

Tab. Nay, nothing, I have only been Married a little, and my Husband *Abednego* and I have so Danc'd it since.

Cut. Brave *Tabitha* still ; never be angry, Mother, you know where Marriages are made, your Daughters and your own were made in the same place, I warrant you, they're so like.

Wid. Well, his will be done---- there's ----no resisting Providence---- but how, Son *Abednego*, come you into that roaring habit of Perdition ?

Cut. Mother, I was commanded by the Vision, there is some great end for it of Edification, which you shall know by the Sequel.

SCENE XII.

*Enter Truman Senior, Truman Junior,
Lucia veil'd.*

Trum. f Come, Dick, bring in your Wife
to your t'other Father, and ask him blessing
handsomely;

VWelcome, dear Daughter; off with your
Veil; [Lucia unveils.]

Heaven bless ye both.

Joll. Ha! what's this? more Masking?
why how now, Mr. *Truman*? you ha' not
Married my Niece, I hope, instead o' my
Daughter?

Trum. j. I only did, Sir, as I was ap-
pointed,
And am amaz'd as much as you.

Trum. f. Villain, Rebel, Traytor, out
o' my sight you Son of a---

Joll. Nay, hold him; patience, good
Mr. *Truman*, let's understand the matter a
little----

Trum. f. I wo' not understand, no that I
wo'not, I wo'not understand a word, whilst
he and his Vvhore are in my sight.

Joll. Nay, good Sir----
VVhy, what Niece? Two Husbands in one
Afternoon? That's too much o' Consci-
ence.

Luc. Two, Sir? I know of none but
this,
And how I came by him too, that I know
not.

Joll. This is Riddle me riddle me----
where's my Daughter? Ho! *Aurelia*.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Here, Sir, I was just coming in.

Joll. Ha' not you Married young Mr. *Tru-*
man?

Aur. No, Sir.

Joll. VVhy, who then has he Marry'd?

Aur. Nay that, Sir, he may answer for
himself,
If he be of Age to Marry.

Joll. But did not you promise me you'd
Marry him this Afternoon, and go to Church
with him presently to do't?

Aur. But, Sir, my Husband forbade the
Banes.

Joll. They're all mad; your Husband?

Aur. I Sir, the truth o' the matter, Sir,
is this, (for it must out I see) 'twas I that
was Married this Afternoon in the Matted
Chamber to Mr. *Puny*, instead o' my Cousin
Lucia.

Joll. Stranger and strange! what, and
he not know't?

Aur. No, nor the Parson, Sir, himself.
Joll. Hey day!

Aur. 'Twas done in the dark, Sir, and I
veil'd like my Cousin; 'twas a very clande-
stine Marriage, I confess, but there are suffi-
cient proofs of it; and for one, here's half
the Piece of Gold he broke with me, which
he'll know when he sees.

Pun. O rare, by *Hymen* I'm glad o' the
change; 'tis a pretty Sorceress by my troth;
Wit to Wit, quoth the Devil to the Lawyer;
I'll out among't em presently, 't has sav'd
me a beating too, which perhaps is all her
Portion.

Joll. You turn my Head, you dizzie me;
but wouldst thou Marry him without either
knowing my mind, or so much as his?

Aur. His, Sir? He gave me five hundred
pieces in Gold to make the Match; look,
they are here still, Sir.

Joll. Thou hast lost thy senses, Wench,
and wilt make me do so too.

Aur. Briefly the truth is this, Sir, he
gave me these five hundred Pieces to Marry
him by a Trick to my Cousin *Lucia*, and by
another Trick I took the Money and Married
him my self; the manner, Sir, you shall
know anon at leisure, only your pardon, Sir,
for the omission of my duty to you, I beg
upon my knees.

Joll. Nay, Wench, there's no hurt done,
fifteen hundred pounds a Year, is no ill
Match for the Daughter of a Sequestred
Cavalier----

Aur. I thought so, Sir.

Joll. If we could but cure him of some
foppish Affection, but that must be thy
Task.

Aur. My life on't, Sir.

Pun. I'll out; Uncle Father your Blessing
---my little *Marchiavil*, I knew well enough
'twas you; what did you think I knew not
Cross from Pile?

Aur. Did you i'faith?

Pun. I by this kiss of Amber-grease, or
I'm a Cabbage.

Aur. Why then you out-witted me, and
I'm content.

Pun. A pox upon you Merchant *Jolly*, are
you there?

Joll. But stay, how come you, Niece, to
be Married to Mr. *Truman*?

Luc. I know not, Sir, as I was walking in
the Garden.

Trum. j. I thought 't had been--- but blest
be the mistake,
What ever prove the Consequence to all
The less important fortunes of my life.

Joll. Nay, there's no hurt done here nei-
ther---

Trum. f. No hurt, Colonel? I'll see him hang'd at my Door before he shall have a beggerly ---

Joll. Hark you, Mr. *Truman*, [Talk aside one word aside (for it is not necessary yet my Wife should know so much.)

Aur. This foolish *Jane* (as I perceive by the story) has lost a Husband by staying for a Black patch.

Joll. Though I in rigour by my Brother's Will might claim the forfeiture of her Estate, yet I assure you she shall have it all to the utmost Farthing; in a day like this, when Heaven bestows on me, and on my Daughter so unexpected, and so fair a fortune, it werean ill return to rob an Orphan committed to my Charge.

Aur. My Father's in the right. And as he clears her Fortune, so will I Her Honour. Hark you, Sir.

Trum. f. Why you speak, Sir, like a Virtuous Noble Gentleman, and do just as I should do my self in the same case; it is----

Aur. 'Twas I upon my [to *Trum. f.*] credit in a Veil; I'll tell, if you please, all that you said, when you had read the Letter. But d' you hear, Mr. *Truman*, do not you believe now, that I had a design to lie with you (if you had consented to my coming at Mid-night) for upon my faith, I had not, but did it purely to try upon what terms your two Romantick Loves stood.

Cut. Ha, ha, ha! but your Farce was not right methinks at the end.

Pun. Why how, pray?

Cut. Why there should ha' been a Beating, a lusty Cudgeling to make it come off

smartly, with a twang at the tail.

Wor. Say you so? He's got a set of damnable brawny Serving-men.

Cut. At least *John Pudding* here should ha' been basted.

Wor. A curse upon him, he say'd himself like a Rat behind the Hangings.

Trum. j. O *Lucia*, how shall I beg thy pardon

For my unjust suspitions of thy Virtue? Can you forgive a very Repentant sinner? Will a whole life of Penitence absolve me?

Trum. f. 'Tis enough, good Noble Colonel, I'm satisfi'd; Come, *Dick*, I see 'twas Heavens will, and she's a very worthy virtuous Gentlewoman; I'm old and testy, but 'tis quickly over; my blessing upon you both.

Cut. Why so, all's well of all sides then; let me see, here's a brave Coupling day, only poor *Worm* must lead a Monkish life of't.

Aur. I'll have a Wife for him too, if you will, fine Mrs. *Jane* within; I'll undertake for her, I ha' set her a-gog to day for a Husband, the first comer has her sure.

Wor. I, but what Portion has she, Mrs. *Puny*? For we Captains o' the King's side ha' no need o' Wives with nothing.

Aur. Why Lozenges, and Half-moons, and a pair of Silver-lac'd Shooes; but that Trope's lost to you; well, we'll see among us what may be done for her.

Joll. Come, let's go in to Sapper; there never was such a day of Intrigues as this in one Family. If my true Brother had come in at last too after his being five years dead, 'twould ha' been a very Play.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPilogue, Spoken by CUTTER.

ME thinks a Vision bids me silence break,
And some words to this Congregation speak,
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the Fifth Monarch's Court in Coleman-street.
But yet I wonder much, not to espy a
Brother in all this Court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bles me! Where are we? What may this place be?
For I begin by Vision now to see
That this is a meer Theater; well then,
It's be'en so, I'll Cutter be again.
Not Cutter the pretended Cavalier,
For to confess ingenuously here
To you, who always of that Party were,

[Without his Peruke.]

[Puts on his Peruke.]

I never

*I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very Rake-hell of this Town.
But now my Follies and my Faults are ended,
My Fortune, and my Mind, are both amended,
And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,
Our Author says, He'll mend, that is, He'll write no more.*

EPILOGUE, AT COURT.

THe Madness of your People, and the Rage,
You've seen too long upon the Publick Stage,
'Tis time at last (great Sir) 'tis time to see
Their Tragick Follies brought to Comedy.
If any blame the Lowness of our Scene,
We humbly think some Persons there have been
On the Worlds Theatre not long ago,
Much more too High, than here they are too Low.
And well we know, that Comedy of old,
Did her Plebeian Rank with so much Honour hold,
That it appear'd not then too Base, or Light,
For the Great Scipio's Conquering Hand to Write.
How'e'er, if such mean Persons seem too rude,
When into Royal presence they intrude,
Yet we shall hope a Pardon to receive
From you, a Prince so practis'd to forgive;
A Prince, who with th' applause of Earth and Heaven,
The rudeness of the Vulgar has Forgiven.

F I N I S.

